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LOAD OF BRASS

He had no ambition to win decorations, but without one he had no chance of winning pretty Mary Lou's heart.

CHIEF AVIATION MACHINIST LES CURRY was enjoying himself. Mary Lou Emmons was not. When ever he asked her what was wrong she said "Nothing" so brightly that it meant "Something, and it's very important."

Supper was served under the palms in the patio, and Sally Howard came by very much on the arm of Lieutenant William Thorn, USNR, who wore the ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross on his breast. They lingered by the table where Mary Lou and Les sat, chatted a few moments, and passed on. Mary Lou said:

"If it was anybody else I wouldn't mind it a bit!"

"Now what?" Les asked, and was told that—being a man—he couldn't be expected to understand.

"She's the catliest cat in California," said Mary Lou. "She hasn't done a thing all evening except strut around with that aviation lieutenant and show him and herself off and lord it over me because—"

"Because you're with an enlisted man. Is that it?" asked Les, and Mary Lou informed him with considerable detail that that was it, exactly.

"For the love of mud!" observed Chief Aviation Machinist Les Curry. "You didn't notice Mr. Thorn swinging his rank, did you? If your girl friend's trying to play quarterdeck against fo'castle, she'd better look for another Navy, and you can tell her so. It's what you've got in your head, not what's on your sleeve, that counts in this one."

"Try to make Sally Howard believe that!" remarked Miss Emmons. "Last week she had a lieutenant-commander. Oh, Les, I wish that you—"

"Would show up all over gold and ribbons? Sorry, but there's not a chance, honey. I'm engineer on a BT-40 in the ferrying service and that's not the ribbon department. We're carting important brass hats all over the Pacific Ocean, and if they paid off on mileage we'd all be admirals. We'll never see action, though, and we know it. Those big tubs aren't fighters, and a crack at a Jap isn't worth the chance of something happening to a million dollars' worth of passengers. Can't you understand that?"

"Yes," said Mary Lou. "Then being entirely feminine, she added: 'Just the same, I wish—'"

He was in the cockpit with Mr. Lang, the co-pilot, when the big ship was eased down the ramp. The four motors crashed into noisy life and Les studied his dials and gauges as the transport was warped to the embarkation dock where Mr. Sherwin, Lieutenant, U.S.N., the ship's commander, checked his passengers and their credentials with the embarkation officer, Skolsky and McGuire, tall and bow gunners, were with Hodges, the bombardier, in the little space—chartroom by courtesy—aft of the pilots' seats.

"Same load of brass," said McGuire. "One admiral and three four-stripers already. Say, there's two girls—Army nurses. They're only second looseys. How do they rate this ride?"

"Pipe down, McGuire," Les growled. "Get aft for take-off, both of you." He touched his cap brim as Mr. Sherwin entered the cockpit. "Props set, sir," he said. "Engines okay."

Dawn was a slow paling of the stars and a miraculous westward sweeping, a league a second, of the suddenly visible horizon. The voices of the passengers rose as their surroundings became commonplace. Mr. Sherwin said, "She's all yours, Pete," to his second in command, and walked aft.

Les couldn't help envying him at that moment. His shoulder tabs bore only the two stripes of a lieutenant, but he was captain and commander of the big transport, and everyone aboard knew it.

Cups of steaming coffee were served after they'd been up half an hour. The radio man passed a cup to Les in the "greenhouse," the topside blister which was the engineer's post when the motors did not require his attention. McGuire passed beneath him, headed aft to relieve Skolsky in the tail. Mr. Sherwin was talking to the two Army nurses.

"Will we see any Japs, Captain?" said one.

"Not if we see them first," said Sherwin, and the officers in the cabin laughed. "Our job's to get you where you're going—fighting's for specialists."

(What did I tell you, Mary Lou? Action? Not one single blistered chance!)

It came on the second day, two hours out. The transport was slipping in and out of the scattered cloud islands when three silvery motes danced between Les Curry's eyes and the sun. He swung the twin fifties and fired several warning bursts as he shouted the alarm. Sherwin's voice, calling "Action stations, all hands!" came through the interphone above the stuttering reports.

Les held the leader of the diving ships in the innermost sight-ring. They were trim but sturdy jobs, these Nip fighters, with big radial motors. Single-seaters, too, with fixed wheels. Carrier-based! Now, what—

The guns bucked under his hands as the first of the diving Zeros came into range. Got him, by gosh! Look at that black smoke pouring out of his engine. The two others were firing—

Then the transport's nose dropped so suddenly that he found himself hanging in his belt and staring at the grey water nearly two miles below. He could see two of the Zeros, one still belching heavy smoke from its engine, the other in flames from nose to tail. Mr. Sherwin could pull out of his dive now—and then Les saw torn metal and clustered holes where the bullets from the other Zero had poured into the pilot's cockpit. He jerked his belt release and let himself drop, sliding along the steep-pitched floor to the nose of the ship.

The cockpit was a mess. Sherwin's body was jammed against the control column, pressing it forward and holding the ship in its dive. Les clawed for the release of the pilot's belt and tumbled the body from the seat. His feet found rudder pedals, and he hunched back on the controls. The nose rose—and the transport came out of the dive.

"Good work! Oh, good work!" Les looked down quickly. A man was struggling up from the messy floor, a man whose golden shoulder tabs bore the twin stars of a rear-admiral. "I saw what happened," the admiral said. "I tried to get to the controls, but you beat me to them." And he repeated: "Good work."

Les glanced towards the other seat. Mr. Lang should have taken over when the Jap bullets had crashed into Mr. Sherwin's body. But only his belt held Lang in his seat. His head was between his limp knees, and he fought gaspingly for breath.

"Those nurses aft!" snapped Les Curry. "Get 'em up here—take care of him!" And the admiral—a two-starred rear-admiral of the line—said, "Aye, aye, sir," as he scrambled to his feet.

Sherwin was dead, Lang badly shot up, but the passengers were unharmed. McGuire reported that he had sent the second Zero down in flames. Les sent him back to his guns, and called Benson to cap the broken oil line and clean up the cockpit.

"Get Hodges to help you. Carry Mr. Sherwin aft—and take care of him."

It was a captain who came forward and reported that Mr. Lang would probably live.

"He was navigator, too, wasn't he?" the captain asked. Les nodded and the officer continued: "I thought so. With your permission, chief, I'll get his sextant. If you'll take us above these clouds, Commander Ellis and I will get a solar and put you back on the course."

It was not until then, not until that "with your permission," that Les Curry realised his status. "By glory," he said, "that means—that



means I'm in command, doesn't it?"

"You are!" The captain's eyes were a bit chilly. "And in the Navy, chief, a commander commands! Do you understand?"

Les gulped down the lump which was in his throat. "Yes, sir, I understand." Then he added, "Thank you, sir. I'd appreciate it very much if you'd get that sextant. I'm no navigator."

"You've got a pilot's rate, haven't you?"

"No, sir. Only a private licence—civilian—but I don't call myself a pilot."

"Good work." The captain's eyes were no longer chilly. "I'll call Commander Ellis."

The observations disclosed that they were nearly a hundred miles to the west of their course. The air, Benson reported, was full of "monkey chatter," the angry voices of Jap pilots who searched for the transport in the area of the fight. Captain Hammett suggested that

attack immediately. I will want someone to man the topside guns and another in the port blister." He noticed the gold wings of a naval aviator worn by one of the commanders. "Will you, sir, sit in as co-pilot?"

"Glad to. My name's Cadman." The commander edged past and took the starboard seat.

"Battle stations!" commanded Les Curry.

There was a four-striper manning the twin fifties in the greenhouse, a three-striper at the port guns. Another commander, slide rule in hand, crouched beside Hodges to check the bombardier's calculations. His co-pilot leaned forward, Lang's binoculars at his eyes, as Les left the clouds behind and dropped to ten thousand feet to make the bombing run. Flame ripped from the batteries on the carrier's island, and from other guns in outboard blisters below the flight deck.

Silvery tracers arched ahead. Shrapnel burst below and aft—Les could hear the sharp spang of the explosions.

The carrier was outlined in the flame of her own guns. Its speed increased, but it couldn't dodge. It had to keep into the wind if the fighters on deck were to get off. One pilot, desperate, opened his throttle and streaked down three-quarters of the runway. He crashed dead ahead, and the wreckage vanished under the carrier's cutwater. There were other planes, though, and they took the full run of the deck

and got away, one after another. "Bomb doors open!" Hodges called, and then, a second later, "Bombs awa-a-ay!"

The BT-40 leaped as it parted from the load of explosives. Les pushed the throttle wide open and set the propellers at maximum pitch as he nosed up. If he could reach the clouds—

"Fighters dead astern. Dey're gainin' slow."

"Never mind 'em, Skolsky. Watch those bombs!"

The ineffective ack-ack fire ceased. Seven Zeros had left the carrier and were so close now that the anti-aircraft could not risk hitting them. Skolsky's voice shrieked again over the interphone.

"You godd her, Hodges, you godd her! Right on d' nose wir both th' big babies. She's blown up! She's busted in half! She's on fire all over!"

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 22, 1943



Pears
Every baby's bath right



The purity of Pears Soap need not be taken on trust. You can actually look right into the heart of a tablet. Its lather is mild and gentle—perfect for delicate baby skin. And the faint mellowed fragrance comes simply from the fine ingredients, long matured.

PEARS' ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & F. PEAR'S

PS 10.27

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With a faint protesting squawk the Japanese slumped forward.

EVERY afternoon at five o'clock the old man sat in his special corner of the hotel lounge and drank his pint of milk, watching the people who came and went in the lobby and in the street outside, and thinking of the past.

Somehow or other, old age was a thing he had not expected. Young Rupert Slande, running away from a hill farm in Massachusetts more than fifty years ago, had never looked ahead to being seventy and all alone in an hotel in a Chinese city. He had not counted on a time when he must say of adventure: It is ended.

More than ten years now since the General had died, and he had never had a real job again. He had stayed on, always feeling that something would turn up, not taking much account of time. He was well fixed for money; and he had not felt old till lately. Old and restless and defeated, willing to turn back at last, now that there seemed to be no road ahead.

In all the years he had not once been home, though he had had it in mind a time or two to make the trip; but something always happened to prevent it, some call that was stronger on his imagination than the memory of a white farmhouse in the shadow of Mount Greylock, a life that revolved around inevitable chores, regular as the seasons, and, to him, as unexciting.

He wanted something different, and had found it: activity spiced

with danger, shifting scenes, a sense of being on the move and close to big events. He liked wearing a gun; he had been proud of a quick eye and a steady hand.

Fifty-odd years ago. That was a stretch of time, spun out so slowly, gone so fast: Click-click of train-wheels, hoofbeats thudding, throb of a ship's propellers; wherever they had taken him, it was never home again. But he was going now, vague notions of returning crystallised, last week, by one of the rare letters that still came from America.

"Just a line," his sister Clara wrote, "to let you know Bro. Frank passed on last week. Only you and me left now out of Ma's ten she was so proud of. Sure wish we could have a glimpse of you once more—"

Sitting here on a day four decades later, with a glass of milk in his hand and a folder of steamship tickets wrinkling in his pocket, old Slande looked backwards down the years. He felt horseflesh between his knees again and saw the bleached Wyoming grass, the meeting with Red Ahearn at a Kansas City hotel, their soldiering together in distant lands.

They had taken their Army discharges in Manila, full of plans to grow rich in the Islands, till Ahearn got down with the fever and died of it, and Slande, turning homewards once again, got to China. Then he had met the General. It all was long ago.

"1910," he said aloud. "Sir?" A bar-boy paused by the table, then went on again, realising that the Old Big One was talking to himself.

1910—a different China. Men with long hair, long gowns, long finger-nails. And women—the right kind, anyway—kept carefully at home.

Whatever the changes were, for good or bad together, he'd played his part in them. No small part, either. Because without the General the revolution would have been different, delayed, might even have

failed, and but for Rupert Slande the General would have died, back there in 1910.

Macao, that was. The Portuguese colony, the famous gambling town, where every traveller went to try his luck. Full of plots and counter-plots in 1910, full of revolutionists out of China. Slande hadn't known it at the time. He'd lost as much as he meant to lose, and he had been strolling aimlessly with an hour or two to kill before the Hongkong steamer sailed again. He was going through narrow streets where limp cotton curtains hung before open doors, not hiding much.

His eyes saw the man with the knife, and the other, smaller man, who was in peril; and his fist moved instinctively, working faster than his conscious brain, which might have told him to get out of there, keep out of trouble. Prompt action—that had always been his way. That was his value in the world if he had had one.

"You have been saving my life, it seems," the General said. Only he wasn't a general then, but a small man with a pale, aquarish face, and deep-set, burning, fanatical eyes. A leader. A man who called out devotion in others; one you could serve your whole life long and not be sorry for it. Out of a chance encounter, lifelong service—that was how it happened.

Bodyguard. It didn't sound so much, maybe; but there was more than a man to be preserved. The idea behind him, the shining vision—that was something. And the years went by; the dream came true after its fashion, tarnished a little in the making, but still of value.

There was always plenty of trouble. He used to wear two guns and use them, too. Quick thinking, quick shooting. No one had ever got past him, though plenty of them had tried. Small wonder that he had learned to know the signs; a kind of special stillness, pinpoints of light in eyes too carefully guile-

less, then the little, prickling shiver up and down his spine. Insight or luck, it never failed; and when the General's number went up at last the General died in bed.

Ten years ago. That was the time to have gone back home. Sixty was youth, compared to seventy. He could have struck down roots again, made something of himself. Only he hadn't realised then that it was finished. He'd seemed to belong here somehow, in the country he'd helped to build, here where his children had been born—where they had died.

Old excitement flared in Slande's veins a moment, and his fingers tapped a challenge on the table; his eyes went round the room searching for recognition. Two-gun Slande—there had been legends about him once, not only among the Chinese. No one remembered now. The General was gone and half-forgotten, the country three-parts conquered. The alien invasion was the worst thing he had seen in a lifetime of hard sights; try as he would to be unprejudiced, he couldn't stand the invaders.

It made him wince to see young kids like those two at the next table parading their friendship with a Japanese, accepting the rich tea-cakes and lees he urged on them, finding so much to talk and laugh about.

Puppets—there was no kinder word. The Chinese girl especially looked too good for it; she had an open, childlike face, an air of great simplicity—something familiar about her came and went again before he could set a name to it.

SLANDE realised he had been watching them for a long time, his eyes at their old trick of starting work before his brain took notice. There were four people at the table: the Japanese and the Chinese man and girl, and a foreign woman with the yellow curls and red, crushed lips which stood to him for evil. Even sitting down the Japanese had the appearance of bowing frequently, his pose of servility contradicted only by the occasional flick of lashes over astute cold eyes. Being master here, he did not need the airs of mastery.

The other man was handsome after the manner of some Chinese

He wore expensive Western clothes and a wrist-watch, which he looked at too often, like a man with an appointment he is afraid either to keep or to break. The foreign woman played him deliberately. It seemed to Slande that he could look through him and her, as if they were made of glass; two of a kind, they were—the kind that finds no price too high to pay for its own comforts.

On the fringe of consciousness was a fantastic vision of China's naked and starving and wounded; soldiers without guns, children without food, weeping women who held out empty hands. They were the ones who paid. In the end it was from them, because of them, that the Jap had money to buy the woman who goaded the Chinese man to perform some act of treachery. But to what purpose, his mind said sharply. Why were there four of them? Where did the girl fit in?

He saw her turn her head to speak to the foreigner, and the line from ear to jaw sprang out, the small, square chin. Somewhere a shutter clicked, a window opened. This was the youngest daughter of the General! Born in his old age, brought up on the tenets of a free Republic—here she sat. The last time Slande saw her she had been a child.

A holiday of some kind—a parade. She was to lead her school, be color-bearer in honor of her name. And he remembered the General beside him, old then, already struggling with pain and sickness, old enemies from which no bodyguard could save him, but his eyes were undefeated, young and dancing, like his daughter's.

The girl had turned round again. She took a tea-cake covered with pink icing and tiny silver candies like toy bullets, broke it open, put it down untouched.

Slande thought, "Sold out!"

It was nothing to him. He was an old man, through with the country, going home to live. Or home to die—that was closer to the truth. What happened here was nothing to him any more. But his heart thumped heavily; this was bad news. If the enemy could buy that name, there was nothing they could not buy.

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ANGER glowed in him, slow, hopeless, smouldering wrath. He thought how the word would travel, gossip at first, then careful little items on the radio, in the papers. Another triumph for the invader, a blow for the armies in the west, China's prestige brought low again in foreign eyes.

What had tempted her; what was the price? She had been rich enough her whole life long, and nothing about her hinted at greed for money. She was young and proud, and must have been taken by a different bait.

Slande's teeth bit off the end of a cigar, spat it down angrily. Frankly now he watched and listened, using the privilege of the old to be ignored. No one paid any attention to him; no one remembered. Even the girl's eyes slid over his face unobserving.

They were speaking in English, but nothing of significance was said. He heard inconsequential talk of clothes and movies and good food. There was a special restaurant for Peking duck. "Do you suppose we might go there," the girl said, "tonight?"

A waiter came, bringing more cakes and a fresh pot of tea. Her cup was filled and the Japanese bent forward, as if bowing, to offer sweetmeats.

"Thank you, not any more."

"Well, then—a cigarette?"

"If you will be so kind."

His case flashed open; she bent her head to the flare of a gold lighter, and Slande saw her eyes, deep-set, burning, fanatical—the General's eyes, in the General's pale, squarish face. Shadows ran down, marking dark lines around her mouth; her lips were stern and frightened.

The old man felt a sharp electric shock, a sudden desire to throw his hat in the air and yell loudly. Years fell away from him, he was young again, and there was a game being played, a game he understood. All his senses quickened, sniffing danger, and the whole room seemed to focus, drawing in towards that one table and the people there.

The moment passed. The girl

was smiling now as she smoked; the yellow-haired woman rolled soft eyes at the man beside her.

Slande sat studying the girl, trying to guess her plan. Surely not any act of force. Her robe was alinky tight, with nowhere to conceal a weapon; her handbag lay on the table, a flat ruffle of silver mesh, and her clear voice announced that she just loved Myrna Loy. . . . Slande called himself an old fool, imagining things. But his skin was tight with apprehension. This was the kind of imagining that had meant his livelihood—and the General's life. This was the sixth sense which had never failed him.

Ideas blew cloudlike through his mind. . . . An accomplice? Someone waiting for a sign? He considered the other Chinese a moment; spewed the notion out again. Not that soft, treacherous face. . . . From the vantage of his corner, Slande's glance moved

slowly from one group to another in the lounge, appraising, shrewd.

Nothing suspicious. Nothing he had not seen a hundred times before. But his skin was bristling. Slowly his eyes came back to the first table.

The small weasel face of the Japanese was watchful, quiet; the woman's smile drew back from her teeth too far, into a kind of nervous grin, and the Chinese youth stared at his watch, the pasty softness of his face masking cruelty and greed. The girl ground out her cigarette. "It is almost time to go. Shall we decide for Peking duck to-night?"

And suddenly Slande understood. It was so simple. Her act was good, but not quite good enough. They were smart, too, those others, and they had not been fooled. Something had given her away, some word or look, and they would never go with her to eat the Peking duck she had kept insisting on. Because they were ready first, and her plan, whatever it had been, could die with her. She was in deadly danger.

He could have told right then how it would happen, and more than that, how it would be reported afterward, headlines splashing across the newspapers. "Chinese Terrorism. Pro-Japanese Sympathiser Killed." Death and dishonor wrapped in a single package for the daughter of the General. It was as perfect as a picture in his mind. Now he knew why the young Chinese could not forget his watch; he knew what price was set on the favors of the woman. It was not even very risky. . . . An unexpected shot, a knife thrown quickly—incidents happened all the time, and there were few arrests.

It was all so beautifully simple. Slande was surprised to realize it had not yet taken place. The four of them were still in their chairs, murmuring the vague phrases that go with breaking up a party. The girl lifted her purse, and across the table a deft brown hand, and a wrist that wore a jewelled watch, slid out of sight.

"Now!" Slande thought. There was nothing he could do. He was too old and slow; he hadn't even a gun. Without volition his fingers closed round the neck of the bottle that had held a pint of milk. Startled, he watched the heavy glass missile fly out of his grasp; it turned clear over once, and caught the Japanese full in the face.

Yes, that was right, to hit the Jap. He was the one with brains, the dangerous one. Slande saw him slump forward with a faint protesting squawk, momentarily stunned. And people running away from Slande, people running towards him.

"What do you think you're doing?" the manager yelled.

Slande looked at the empty glass on the table in front of him.

"Drunk," he suggested.

"I'll have the police in here!"

"What for? A busted dish or two?"

"I'll pay the bill."

"For murderous assault."

"On who? Who's making a complaint?"

Obviously no one was. The Japanese and his friends had disappeared. The General's daughter alone remained standing beside her chair with a look of incredulous relief deepening on her face. Slande pulled out a banknote.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"He's just simply darling. He has one of those lovely big cheque books."

"Forget it, boss. You know things are bound to happen in this town. Here's for your boys' trouble."

Then he was walking with the girl towards the door. From his bowed heavy figure came in some way an impression of great strength.

"I do not understand it," she said. "How you could know. Things were going very wrong, and I sensed that, but I did not know what to do. You have saved me from something—saved my life—I think."

"Forget it. But be careful who you play around with after this. That guy'll be back—he wasn't much hurt. Better give up that—ah—duck dinner you act so set on."

She answered after a moment's pause. "Another day . . . a new chance. I cannot give up. But I shall be more wary the next time."

And suddenly she added, "You are Slande. I remember now. I remember very well. My father—"

Her voice broke off. "I wish I also had some post to offer, Mr. Slande. But it is different now. We are hard-pressed and poor."

"I am too old," Slande said.

"Thanks all the same."

The door swung open for them; on the sidewalk a Sikh policeman negligently twirled his stick. The girl's hand went up, making a swift finger-sign; a cruising taxi braked to stop before her. "This is our own man. I shall be all right now. If I can drop you anywhere—"

Slande's head nodded backward towards the big hotel. "Thanks. But I roost right here."

"Well, then—till we meet again." Her smile was radiant in her pale, small face; the General's smile, the General's dark eyes. "The Cause goes on. It is always good to know where we have friends."

Tickets crumpled in Slande's pocket. They were unimportant. He could get his money back—most of it, anyway. Of course, he was going home some time, when he was really old. But not yet. Not quite yet. The car door closed; he raised his hand in salute.

"Any time you want me, I'm right here," said Two-gun Slande.

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RENA MARONI, trapeze artist, who had run away from her father's circus, has been murdered. The crime occurred while **HENRI SAPOLIO**, fastidious showman, and his wife, **MARIE**, who occupy the flat above, were giving an elaborate party at which numerous show people were present, including **DAN CAREY**, with **MICKLEWITZ**, a midget, **WANG**, a Chinese giant, and **SALVI**, a sword walker; also **ESTELLE**, an "armless wonder," and **BELLA**, a "tattooed lady."

PEL PELHAM, spruiker, who is to manage Sapolio's next fastidious act, was an old acquaintance of the murdered girl, and had discovered that she was blackmailing his friend, **SKIN ROGERS**, a bookmaker. In return for a loan of £200 from Rogers to finance his new show he called on her, appealing to her to leave Rogers alone.

Pel's transaction with Rogers and visit to Rena were witnessed by the early **DETECTIVE RORKE**. He has an old grudge against Pel, but the spruiker has a friend at headquarters in **DETECTIVE LINLEY**, on whose recommendation **SUPERINTENDENT GRAHAM** asks him to work for the police. Pel, surprised, refuses.

Linley and Rorke are sent to investigate Rena's murder, and Rorke, by his rudeness, strikes trouble with the Sapolio's guests. In a scuffle he and Salvi fall to the floor, and Pel afterwards finds a key to Rena's flat where they had fallen. He also learns from Sapolio that Rogers had visited Rena that evening.

Now read on:

"RULE out Estelle, the armless girl, and possibly the midget, and any of 'em could have done it."

Linley was explaining the position to Superintendent Graham.

It's a dump of a place—an old building converted into flats, one on each floor. The ground floor is just entrance. The girl's apartment was on the first floor. Sapolio has the next and the top's been occupied for donkey's years by an elderly couple with a complete alibi. They've got nothing to do with show business and were out all the evening with friends to dinner and afterwards at the theatre with another party.

"I see," Graham said. "From what you've told me anyone who was at Sapolio's might have done it, but there's another possibility." Linley nodded. "Everyone at Sapolio's party was out of the room at one time or another. They don't deny it. The midget admitted going out. Even the giant went out, but it's practically impossible to question him. We'll have to get an interpreter. I don't think he's strong in the head. But we've got something else."

There was a rap on the door and Rorke came in.

"You sent for me, sir?" He had a slight discolouration around the right eye and there was a piece of plaster on his chin.

"Come in, Rorke," Graham said. "Good heavens. What have you been doing? Fighting?"

Rorke felt his chin. "The party at Sapolio's got a bit rough," he explained. The chief looked incredulous. He turned to Linley. "You didn't tell me, Linley."

"I didn't know," the detective said. "Just before you came in," Rorke explained. "Carey soiled his giant on to me."

"No one told me," Linley commented.

"They wouldn't," Rorke said with a bitter laugh.

"Aren't you making a charge?" the chief asked.

Rorke shook his head. "Carey'd just love it. Can't you see the papers, sir? 'Wang Wongs Copper.' I'm giving 'em no free publicity. That is, sir, unless you—" he was adding hurriedly when the Superintendent interrupted: "Perhaps you're right. What were you telling me, Linley?"

The detective glanced pointedly at Rorke before replying.

"Go ahead," Graham ordered.

"We found some letters in the girl's flat, torn into pieces—envelopes and all. They had been thrown into the coal scuttle. One letter might have been through the post. It looked like blackmail."



"Someone blackmailing her?" Graham asked.

"No. Apparently she wrote the letters. They were very short. They went like this: 'If you don't let me have it I'll tell your fiancée. I won't wait.' They're not the actual words, of course. She had rented the apartment as Dora May."

Rorke said: "She might have posted one of the letters and the person who received it might have brought it back, had a quarrel with her, and killed her."

Linley said: "It's a possibility. One letter had been written, enveloped, and sealed down; then torn into pieces. Perhaps she was going to send it and changed her mind."

"It's a guess," Graham said. "To whom—I mean to whom was the letter addressed?"

"Skin Rogers, the bookmaker."

"Rogers?" Rorke exclaimed.

Linley asked: "Know anything?"

"I think I do," Rorke said slowly.

"Pel Pelham was at Sapolio's party."

"Yes," Linley said, "among others."

"Well," Rorke said, triumphantly, "I happen to know that Skin Rogers gave Pelham two hundred pounds recently." He explained the circumstances.

"What was the money for?" the chief asked.

"That's what we've got to find out," Rorke replied. "Maybe it was for services to be rendered."

"You mean," Linley said, "the girl was worrying Rogers, and Rogers gave Pelham two hundred pounds to get rid of her—somehow?"

"It's an idea."

"No," Linley said, after consideration. "It's too crude. Besides, Pelham isn't that kind."

"Oh, I don't know," the Superintendent put in. "I don't think you

can say that, Linley. Almost anyone's likely to do a murder, and none of them look much like murderers till after the deed."

"That's right, of course, sir," Linley said. "But Rogers! Pelham! It doesn't sound sense—not the way Rorke's put it."

"They went to the same school," Rorke said with a coarse laugh.

"Indeed?" The Superintendent raised his eyebrows.

"State institution," Rorke explained. "They're both—"

Linley interrupted with a gesture of distaste. Rorke didn't notice. Suddenly he struck his palm with his fist.

"Just a minute, sir," he said. "I've just remembered something." He looked pleased. "It was at the Jockey Club, a little before I picked

up Rogers' cheque and handed it back to Pelham. A page called Rogers to the phone. He shook hands with Pelham and said: 'Well, so long, Pel. You'll see the lady?'

"Just like that," Linley said. "In the public bar with everyone around, I suppose he didn't add, 'Choking would be a good idea,' or 'I'd advise choking,' or anything like that."

Rorke glared and the Superintendent said: "Now, now, Linley. He turned to Rorke. "Anyone else hear him?" he asked.

"I couldn't say," Rorke answered. "There was a lot of noise going on. You know what it is around a bar."

"Do it?" The Superintendent's eyes twinkled.

"I mean to say—"

"O.K., Rorke," Graham said cheerfully. "By the way, did you find out where Maroni's circus was playing?"

"You financed this set-up, didn't you?" the detective asked Pelham.

"Yes," Rorke said. "I made inquiries." He handed his chief a list.

"Take the first train," Graham said, "and look the circus over. You might find out something from the artists—why she left the show and so forth. Wire Maroni, Linley, and get the poor old bloke down. From what I've heard of him he won't be very communicative. The boys and girls of the show might loosen up to you, Rorke, while he's away."

Rorke was looking at his watch. "I can make it if I hurry," he said. "There's a train at 10.15."

"Run along then."

Linley said as Rogers turned to go. "By the way, Rorke, find out what you can about that chap Salvi. He was with the show

when the girl left it. Also get the strong of that girl Estelle."

"The armless wonder?" He smiled sardonically. "Do you suspect her?" Linley grinned at him. "She's as likely a bet as Pelham," he said.

Rorke stood with his hand on the door-knob. "My money's on little Pel," he said. "I bet that bird hangs."

After he had gone Linley said: "He means he hopes he will."

The Superintendent grinned.

"You'll get Pelham in?" he asked and as the detective nodded he added: "What about finger-prints?"

"Plenty. Looks as if there'd been more than one man there."

"Was she that sort?"

"If she was she was quiet about it. There's a man's prints on the letter that was torn up but not sent and several sets on the one that had been posted to Rogers, the postman's among 'em, I suppose."

"Anybody at this—er—starving man's party with a record?"

"I don't think so. They're a crude lot, but they're not bad."

Linley thought a moment. Then he said: "There's one curious thing. It mightn't mean anything. There are no children in the flat, and, as far as we have been able to find out, none have visited any of the apartments. But there are a set of child's prints on the door on the inside less than two feet from the bottom. I thought it a little curious. That's the only place they occur."

The Superintendent scratched his chin. "A child's?" The two men looked at each other; then the detective said, "I wonder. It could be."

"You mean the midget's?"

"Yes," Linley said. "But why?"

Graham said: "They're a queer bunch. Don't take anything for granted."

Very early that morning, before his wife awoke, Pel had risen and dressed. He went to a public phone and spoke to Skin Rogers. The bookmaker answered sleepily.

"Listen, Skin," Pel said. "Don't argue. This is important. Get out your car and meet me at the corner of—"

He named a street in an outer suburb. "As soon as you can. This is serious, Skin. There's some country race meeting or other tomorrow, isn't there? Pack your pyjamas and things. If anyone asks you're going there."

He returned to his home, had a quick breakfast, and within the hour was at the rendezvous. He glanced around. There were very few people in sight. Rogers drove up and got out of the car.

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THE ARMORED FORCE NEVER BACKS OUT

by J. MARSHALL

Corporal Mike decided to introduce a little wartime strategy into his own private affairs.

THE second battalion, 28th Armored Regiment, lay bivouacked for the week-end in a wood, the tanks each under the cover of a tree, the men wherever they could find a soft spot.

Near the middle of the bivouac, separated from the major's cot only by the width of one medium tank, a corporal and a private rested after a hearty breakfast.

From the other side of the tank the major's voice instructing his officers could be heard faintly.

"All men with relatives near by, but only men with relatives, may be given thirty-six-hour passes expiring at midnight Sunday. As a matter of fact, a lot of the men, including the general himself, do come from this section, and every son of a mother in the battalion will claim he is one of these. I would suggest that you demand satisfactory evidence of relationship before issuing passes."

"Hear that, Mike?" the private groaned softly.

The corporal did not reply.

"We are stuck here in this gold-plated bivouac for the week-end," the private continued bitterly. "And I practically made a date for tonight with a girl in that last town we went through yesterday."

Still not replying, the corporal pulled out a newspaper he had been sitting on and began to scan it rapidly.

"That's the least paper for a nickel I ever saw," the private commented.

"Objectively speaking, yes," the corporal spoke finally. "But listen to this, Sam: Miss Cora Lee King entertained the Junior Art Guild Wednesday afternoon at King Farm, the lovely home of her grandfather, Mr. Charles King, on the Jackson Pike." What do you think of that?

"Well—I," Sam drawled uncertainly.

"Exactly. Let me see, Cora Lee's grandpa would be my grand-uncle Charley that came down carpet-bagging after the Spanish-American War. That would make Cora Lee my second cousin."

"Are you sure, Mike?" Sam asked anxiously. "After all, there are all kinds of Kings in this country."

"Yeah," Mike agreed dryly. "Isn't it convenient? And if your last name were Smith, or Jones, or even Wilson, instead of Zahoudian, between us we could be sure of relatives in every town in these United States. All we need now is satisfactory evidence."

He proceeded to empty his pockets while Sam screwed his face into an expression evidencing the presence of fierce thought behind it. In one of his breast pockets Mike found a dog-eared letter on a fold of blue stationery. He looked it over carefully and tore a leaf from it.

Handing this and a pen to Sam, he said: "I'll dictate and you write. You can use this note from my mother as a model; only give it a more dignified tone. They're still a little old-fashioned in these parts."

I'll spell it out as we go."

Sam improvised a writing-board from the pan of his mess kit and wrote in a clear feminine hand with a slight upward slant: "Dear Cousin Michael: Just a note to tell you we're delighted to hear that you're coming down here for the manoeuvres."

Grandpa has given the Army-permission to use most of the farm, so it may be that you'll be nearer than you thought. By all means get leave and visit us for at least a week-end while you're down. And do bring that amusing friend of yours, Sam—I can't remember his name. He must be great fun. We're saving a fatted turkey for you. I do hope you can manage it—Your cousin, Cora Lee."

"A turkey, eh?" Sam said, licking his lips. "Lead me to it."

"Never eat a fatted turkey until you have put salt on its tail," Mike cautioned. He nodded with approval at the finished letter. "Much as I love you, Sam," he added, shaking his head, "I would never hire you to work in a bank—if I had a bank, and one of these days I will. I'm afraid the customers could never keep their cheque-books balanced. Are you sure you haven't cashed in on this gift of yours?"

"It's just a hobby, Mike, strictly a hobby."

"I trust so, Sam," Mike said, putting the letter in his wallet. "Ah here comes the captain. Come on but let me do the talking."

A thin captain with a horsey face came around the tank. Mike rose and approached him.

"Sir," he said respectfully, "how's chances for getting leave this week-end? I have a second cousin living out on the Jackson Pike, near Harrisonville, and she invited Sam and myself to visit her while we are here."

The captain looked down his long nose at the corporal and smiled disarmingly.

"Who is this cousin of yours?"

"Her name is Cora Lee King. She lives with her grandpa, Charles King, who is my grand-uncle."

He broke off for a moment. The captain had stopped smiling. His jaw had dropped to his chest, giving him the appearance now of a fish which had been killed just a little bit.

"And," Mike continued, "a couple of weeks before we left camp she wrote me and invited Sam and myself for a week-end. Well, this is the first—"

"A letter, eh?" the captain interrupted. "I don't suppose you've got it with you."

"Why, no, I don't think so, sir."

"Well, that's too bad, King. I would have to have the letter for evidence. Instructions straight from divisional H.Q."

"Yes, sir," Mike said with evident

disappointment.

"I didn't think of that. Wait a minute; maybe I have got it with me. Yes, by golly, here it is."

The captain tore the letter out of the corporal's hand and read it. "H'm, it looks quite in order. I'll write out the passes."

"Thank you, sir," Mike said. "Will there be a truck going into Harrisonville this morning or afternoon, sir?"

The captain signed a couple of passes and looked at them thoughtfully.

"Why," he said, his voice acquiring sudden cordiality. "It so happens I'll be going right past King Farm. My folks are next-door neighbors. I'll be glad to drop you men off."

"We wouldn't want to impose on you, sir."

"No imposition," the captain assured them pleasantly; "none at all. Meet me here at twelve-thirty."

"You bet, sir," Mike agreed, with a show of enthusiasm.

The captain walked off, leaving his underlings to stare at his receding back thoughtfully.

"Mike," Sam said with a touch of anxiety, "there is something fishy about this."

"If you mean, Sam, that there is something about the captain's sudden sweetness that reminds you of the kind of honey they put on fly-paper, I agree with you."

"Maybe we better pull in our ears, button down the turret and back outta this," Sam suggested.

"Sam," Mike chided severely, "the Armored Force may pull in its ears if it seems prudent, and button down the turrets if necessary, but the Armored Force never, never backs out of anywhere. The general told us that himself. Besides, we're already in the fat. You heard him say the Kings were his next-door neighbors. If we back out now he'll get suspicious and perhaps visit his neighbors and ask them about Cousin Mike. Then what?"

Private First Class Sam Zahoudian shuddered. "Yeah, and what's to prevent him doing it anyhow?" he asked.

About one o'clock that afternoon a beep driven by the captain, and containing as passengers Corp. Mike King and Private First Class Sam

Zahoudian, picked its way through the military and civilian traffic of the Jackson Pike.

The captain asked a few questions, but, unfortunately, since his companions wore respirators in spite of the total absence of dust, he was answered merely by some vague motions of the corporal's head, neither definitely assenting nor definitely dissenting.

The beep came to a large stone gateway eventually, the entrance to King Farm. The captain steered the beep through the gateway and towards a colonnaded white mansion. Corporal Mike King turned his head, glanced at Sam Zahoudian, and noted the fact that Zahoudian's nose-piece was now crowned by a pair of eyes filled with fear and apprehension. Hastily he pulled the respirator off his face.

"YOU don't need to take us all the way, sir," he said. "We can walk the rest."

"That's all right," the captain said. "Won't take a minute. Lovely place, isn't it? Ah, there's Mr. King."

He nodded in the direction of a figure crawling around on all fours on the lawn beside the driveway a few feet ahead and, arriving alongside a few seconds later, stopped the beep.

"Good afternoon, Mr. King," he said very respectfully.

A wizened face, distinguished only by a pair of very sharp, bright eyes, turned and examined them in detail. "Howdy," Mr. King said non-committally.

"Don't you remember me, sir?" the captain asked. "I'm Lester Drill."

Mr. King rose with a nod.

"Heard your pa say they'd got you finally," he said. "Do you good, no doubt. Maybe won't do

the Army mortal harm." He looked at Zahoudian, who was still wearing his respirator. "What's the matter with him? Does he bite?"

The captain managed to laugh through his obvious annoyance at Mr. King's remark about his effect on the Army.

"No, sir. That's a respirator; keeps the dust out of his mouth and nose. That's Private Sam Zahoudian, and this is Corporal Mike King, some kind of cousin of yours."

An indescribable noise of very low amplitude and very odd timbre could be heard faintly rumbling under Private Sam Zahoudian's respirator. Disregarding the noise, Corp. Mike King jumped out of the beep, grabbed Mr. King's hand, and began to pump it exuberantly.

"It's nice to see you again, Uncle Charley," he said enthusiastically. "By golly, you haven't changed a bit since the last time; not by a hair. It must be ten years, too."

Mr. King had a slightly puzzled look. He was obviously reviewing the family tree in his mind, and trying to recollect a branch containing this particular specimen of King.

"Mike, Mike," he mumbled. "Lemme see—Mike. Seems to me—"

"You wouldn't remember me," Mike laughed. "The last time you saw me I was about shoulder high to a coll, and just about as skittish. But I'll give you a hint—New York."

He cocked his head and looked at Mr. King expectantly.

Suddenly Mr. King brightened up. "Yes, sir. I got you now, You're John's boy—"



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"I'll dictate and you write," Mike instructed Private Sam airily.

Mike shook his head and interrupted, "Grandson."

"Course, course," Mr. King agreed. "Couldn't be John's boy. He was seventy when he died, and that was ten, twelve years ago. Always warned him drinking that port would do him in one of these days. Port!" He spat with disgust. "Isn't but one drink for a King, and that's bourbon. Remember that, Mike. Say, Lester, what's the matter with you?"

The captain had a somewhat foolish look on his face. "I just realised something. I guess I better get going home. Nice seeing you, sir. So long, men," he said.

Mike King walked to the jeep, motioned for Sam to get out. "Thanks a lot for the lift, sir," he said.

"That's all right," the captain murmured, then waved a hand and slipped out of the grounds.

Mr. King cleared his throat, looked towards the house and then asked, "Mike, you got a cigar or a chew of tobacco?"

"How about a cigarette?"

"Sold, son. Give it here, but quick. They'll come looking for me directly. Confounded women, making an old man beg cigarettes like an eight-year-old!" He took a prodigious drag on the cigarette and produced a good three-quarters of an inch of ash the first draw. "I was sure there was a cigar lying out there. I saw Clayton Kemmer throw it out of his car when he left. But I can't find it." He looked at Sam and ordered, "Take that thing off."

"Told you I had a surprise for you, honey," laughed Grandpa King, as Cora Lee came up.

You remind me of a bad dream I had a couple of years ago.

"Confounded women," the old man went on. "Oh, my; here one comes now. Here, Mike, take this butt and look like you been smoking it."

Mike did as directed, hurriedly passing his own to Sam.

"Grandpa! Yoo-hoo, grandpa!" a very pleasant feminine voice called. "Where are you, you old scoundrel?"

"Right here, Cora Lee, you young hussy!" grandpa replied cheerfully. "I got a surprise for you!"

"I'll bet you have," the feminine voice was heard to mutter bitterly.

Private Sam Zahoudian glanced appealingly at his corporal and leaped towards the gateway. Mike King grabbed his belt and pulled him back just as Cora Lee, dressed in a pair of abbreviated shorts and a barely adequate bandeau, rounded the bushes and, seeing the two soldiers, pulled to a surprised stop, staring at them.

"Told you I had a surprise for you, honey," Grandpa King laughed. "This here is your cousin, Mike King, from New York. And that is a friend of his by the name of — You, Mike, what's his name again?"

Mike managed at last to recover the breath which had been socked out of him by the impact of this vision, at least to the extent of mumbling, "Sam Zahoudian."

"Yup." The old man nodded. "Sam, put on that there muzzle. Keeps him from biting. No; now I recollect it, Lester said it's to keep the dust out."

As if hypnotised, Sam took the respirator out of his pocket, and, without removing his now permanently astounded eyes from the form in front of him, put it on his face.

"All right," the old man said. "Now take it off again."

Sam took it off without even blinking his eyes in the process.

"Does the other one do tricks, too, grandpa?" Cora Lee asked. "And does either one talk?"

"I dunno about that Sam," the old man replied. "But I heard Mike talking fast here awhile back. What's the matter with you, son? You seen Cora Lee before?"

"Yes, sir," Mike said, "but not so much of her—I mean she was a lot younger then."

"Well," the old man said, "you young'uns get acquainted. . . Cora Lee, you see to it these boys are made comfortable. And call me when dinner is ready."

"We got to go along," Sam Zahoudian mumbled. "We only intended to say hello."

Cora Lee leaped suddenly and grabbed her grandpa before he quite managed to run into the bushes.

"No, you don't," she said. "You come back with us."

"Women!" the old man muttered.

"Dinner will be ready in less than a half hour," Cora Lee went on. "And you've still got to get dressed."

Cousin Mike, will you give grandpa your arm to hang on to?"

"Sam," Mike ordered briskly, at last recovering from his daze, "support Mr. King while I lend support on the other side."

Sam bent over and put a hand under Mr. King's arm while Mike pranced around and took Cora Lee's arm. She not only did not object, but turned a smiling face up to Mike and said, "You'll stay for dinner, won't you?"

"I'll cook it if you say so, Cousin Cora Lee."

"And later we could go swimming."

"Sam and I will build a lake with our own hands, if necessary."

"I know a cute place we could go to dance. And mamma's visiting in Memphis. I'm sure grandpa will let you take me."

"Ha," the old man said bitterly. "Did you say yes, grandpa, honey?"

"Tell you what I'll do," the old man propositioned. "I'll say yes for a good jigger of that bourbon."

"No," Cora Lee said firmly. "You know what the doctor said."

"Bother the doctor!" the old man shouted. "What's the use of living ten years more if I can't smoke or drink or ride a horse or anything?"

"Grandpa, shush," Cora Lee said gently. "You know I can't give you bourbon. Mamma wouldn't do it if she were here."

"No, nor she wouldn't let you go out to any nightclub, either," the old man countered.

"The trouble with mamma is she's positively old-fashioned," Cora Lee said. "After all, I'm twenty next birthday."

"Nineteen, I make it," the old man said. "And I got better names for your mamma. Let's bargain. What'll you give?"

"One cigar after dinner."

"Not enough. Tisn't every day you can go nightclubbing with a handsome King like this. Raise the ante."

"All right, grandpa; I'll make it one cigar and a glass of port."

"Port!" the old man spat. "Port — All right, I'll take it."

Cora Lee leaned over and kissed him. "It's a deal."

"Yup," the old man said. "And I didn't do so bad, after all. Didn't expect to get more'n the cigar. But

you've got to get Sam here a girl, too."

"Of course, I've already thought of it. I'll arrange for it immediately. Now you let Moses take you up and dress you, won't you?"

"Yup."

They had arrived at the mansion and were met by a big negro, who lifted the old man in his arms and carried him upstairs. Cora Lee conducted Sam and Mike to a room containing a billiard table.

"Make yourselves comfortable here. I'll have to dress. We'll eat as soon as Uncle George arrives. You know Uncle George, Cousin Mike—but, of course you do. I forgot. I guess you've seen him more often in the last couple of months than we have. I'll have something nice and cool sent in," she said, and ran off.

"Boy," Sam said. "I nearly died when the captain said, 'And this is Mike King, a cousin of yours.' You should have told me you were really related to these Kings."

Mike set up the billiard balls and chalked the cue. "You wouldn't want me to lie to you, my dear, Sam?" he asked.

"Lie?" Sam exclaimed, and stopped to study the implications of the statement. A look of horror returned to his face.

"Then how come your Grandpa John and your flighty Ma, and all that stuff?"

"It merely demonstrates that when the general said that a confident offensive is the best defence under modern conditions he knew what he was talking about," Mike said. "Ah, here is the something cool."

A smiling negro had entered with a tray holding two tall glasses. He set them down on the sideboard, and, bowing, left.

"Here," Mike advised, "take one. It's just what you need to forget all your past troubles and get you in the proper frame for the nice things we've got to look forward to. The only thing that bothers me is where and why I'm supposed to have seen this Uncle George so often in the past couple of months."

He heard a peculiar gurgling, and, looking up, saw a look of sheer horror in Sam's eye—staring at the door.

Mike turned his head, and looking through the doorway into the hall saw a not unfamiliar figure, dressed in an ice-cream uniform with two stars on the shoulder-straps standing at the bottom of the staircase.

Please turn to page 8

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The Armored Force Never Backs Out

Continued from page 7

George?" Cora Lee's voice floated down.

"Yes," Major-General George (The King), commanding the 11th Armored Division, replied. "I've got to shave. But don't wait dinner for me."

"Well, hurry, Uncle George. I've got a surprise for you."

"Fine," the general replied. "I'm in the mood for a surprise. But make it pleasant. I'm sick to death of unpleasant ones," and leaped up the stairs three at a time.

"Ugh," Sam managed to vocalise, then seized the tall glass and emptied it at one gulp. He looked up, Mike was sighting over the cue, delicately he stroked the ball and, while waiting for the missile to hit the three cushions, chalked the cue tip briskly. Sam closed his eyes. He heard two clicks. Opened his eyes. Saw the other tall glass. Grabbed it and emptied it, too, at one gulp.

"Let's get outta here, Mike," he muttered wildly, and leaped out of the chair.

"Sit down, Sam," Mike ordered. "It's too late to retreat. If we disappear the general will be told all about us, including our names and the fact that the captain knows us. It wouldn't take him any more than fifteen minutes to put out a general alarm for us, and about five to arrange a proper court martial."

"Yeah, and if we stay, the whole thing will take only five minutes," Sam said. "He won't have to catch us first; so all he has to do is arrange the court martial."

"It might not be quite so bad as all that," Mike reassured. "Remember what Foch said at the Marne: 'My right is exposed; my left is heavily attacked; my centre is unable to hold its position. I cannot redistribute my forces. The situation is excellent. I will attack.'"

Sam slumped back into his chair. Through the thick fog in front of him he could see Mr. Charles King, supported on one side by Cora Lee in a swirling frock, and on the other by rough and ready George (The King) King, approaching. Always subsequently he remembered the ensuing fifteen minutes as the most terrifying nightmare of his life.

"Attention," Corp. Mike King hissed.

Sam leaped to his feet, and stiffened in a salute.

"At ease," the general said, returning the salute. He was plainly puzzled to find in the billiard-room of the ancestral mansion two enlisted men of his division.

"I told you I had a surprise for you, Uncle George," Cora Lee said. "The handsome one is Cousin Mike King, from New York. The other one is his friend. They dropped in to say hello, and grandpa and I persuaded them to stay a while. You don't mind, Uncle George? Isn't Mike cute?"

"Cousin Mike," the general muttered, frowning.

"Well," said Mike, smiling, "as a matter of fact, sir, I suppose I would be your first cousin once removed."

"John's boy," the old man explained with a beatific smile. "I mean grandson. How's your pa, by the way, Mike?"

"Fine, sir. He's in Washington, of course. And mother is a colonel in some sort of Minute Women regiment. My sister Kate has just had an heir: she married Jim Vanastor, you know."

The general, meanwhile, had stood rapt in thought. Now he turned to his father and demanded, "But who is John?"

"I'll be jiggered if I know," the old man replied cheerfully.

For the second time that day Corp. Mike King nearly swooned.

"You don't mean you invented him, Mr. King?" he asked.

The old man nodded with a cherubic grin. Mike looked at him for a moment and then burst into laughter. At the first burst, Sam Zahoudian collapsed into the chair behind him. His worst fears were now amply proved. Not only was the mess fully as black as he had thought, or blacker, but his companion was even more completely an idiot. But as the laughter continued, Sam recognised that it wasn't, after all, idiotic laughter; it was genuine and hearty. The old man nodded his head and joined in, cackling full-heartedly.

"I saw," he managed to say between bursts. "That it was a question of you being a relation of mine or that Lester Drill was likely to have

you shot, so I decided I better have had a Brother John."

"Fast thinking, sir," Mike complimented. "Have you got any ideas to keep us from getting shot now?"

"Just a minute!" the general roared. "Corporal, I demand an explanation!"

Corp. Mike King stiffened to attention, the laughter leaving his face. Briefly he sketched the situation and events.

"And you stand there and laugh?" the general demanded, astounded.

"Wouldn't you, sir, if you saw it in a movie?" the corporal asked respectfully.

The general seemed about to explode. Then, amazingly, he pointed to the billiard table.

"Five will bring you ten you can't make it," he said.

Without hesitation, Mike pulled a large roll out of his pocket, peeled a five from it, and laid it on the table. He chalked his cue briskly, surveyed the lay through narrowed eyes, stroked the cue back and forth a few times, then tapped the ball firmly. It went around bouncing from the cushions at incredible angles, and finally, just barely moving, whisked the red ball out of the way and collided to a dead stop against the other. The general handed over a ten-dollar bill, shaking his head disbelievingly.

"Cora Lee," the old man cried, "if you don't grab that Mike, I'll disown you! Absolutely!"

"Incredible," the general muttered, then added more audibly, "Corporal King, after these manoeuvres, when we return to Fort Elkins, you will report to me, prepared—he paused and smiled—"prepared to enter officers' candidate school."

"Yes, sir," Mike agreed.

"In the meantime, as between first cousins once removed and twice confounded, you will keep these events strictly in the family. At ease."

The old man had been watching on in interest. Now he nodded approvingly. "You were always my smartest boy, George," he said. "Now let's eat. Turkey is going to be cold."

Mike, give Cora Lee your arm. Mr. Zahoudian, I hope you like turkey.

The two tall glasses had by now had an effect on Private First Class Sam Zahoudian. He leaped out of his chair and cried, "The Armored Force never backs out of anything! Lead me to it!"

(Copyright)

Load of Brass

Continued from page 2

THE Japs in the air were already dead men. Their carrier was gone, and even with full tanks the fighters could not make the distant island bases. There would be no turning them aside with heavy fire; they would shoot him down or ram him—or both. Already they were above him, and through the transparent panel above him he watched them bunch, all seven, into a tight V—a suicide formation formed on the assumption that one, at least, would be able to ram the transport.

Farragut and Dewey wouldn't know the answer to this, but Sherwin would have. What was that stunt he'd tried in mock air combat over Kameha? Les saw the tails of the Zeros go up and their painted noses drop. He watched them, his left hand on the wheel, right on the master throttle for the four bellowing motors.

McGuire was firing already. Now the top guns were going, and the Skibbies were in an all-out dive. Closer. Closer. NOW!

Les pulled the transport's nose still higher as he slammed shut the throttles and, swiftly, spun the wheel which dropped the landing flaps in the trailing edge of the wing. It was as though the driver of a speeding motor car had lifted his foot and slammed his weight on the brakes. Mushing, perilously close to stalling, the transport's speed dropped from two-forty to a little more than a hundred.

The Zeros, diving on the faster target, must change direction in a fraction of a second or streak harmlessly past the bow.

"Good man!" yelled the commander.

The leader of the formation tried to swerve, then nosed down even more steeply as the two on his port flank locked wings in the attempt to follow him—locked wings and exploded as their tanks burst. The third man avoided the wreckage in a zoom which left him upside down

astern. Skolsky, the Polish Jew in the rear turret, shot him to pieces.

Benson, from starboard, riddled the formation leader. The three other ships flashed past the transport's nose. Flame was leaping from the wings of one. It was over within the time that a man could strike a match. Les pushed the throttles open and dropped the nose to regain speed. Then the clouds closed around them.

The official photographs didn't cover the whole show. They had pictures of the review, and of the admiral pinning on the medals, and of Les Curry with the Distinguished Flying Cross on his breast in addition to the higher honor. The photographers weren't present when—an hour before the ceremony—a marine orderly ushered Les Curry into the admiral's office. Les saluted stiffly; the admiral shook hands and said he was glad to meet him again.

"You'll have to do a lot of hand-shaking before this day's over, chief," he said, "and it doesn't seem to me you're dressed for it. There's a new suit of whites and a cap in my private quarters that I wish you'd try on."

The cap bore the eagle, shield, and crossed anchors which identify a commissioned officer. On the shoulder tabs of the white uniform were the stripe and half-stripe of a lieutenant junior grade.

"That's the old man's idea of a joke," said the orderly. "They call him hard-boiled, but he's a great old guy when you get to know him, chief—I mean, sir!"

The cameramen didn't get that, nor did any reporters listen-in on the long-distance call which Lieutenant Curry—with the admiral's O.K.—put in to San Leandro.

"I'll be seeing you, Mary Lou," said Mr. Curry. "Can't tell just when, or they'd cut me off for talking too much, but I'll be seeing you."

(Copyright)



In times like these old friends are best

You can be really well if you remember your Beecham's Pills. You can avoid ailments caused by constipation and improve blood—liverishness, stomach upsets, overweight, depression, bodily aches and pains. This is the fourth generation to trust Beecham's Pills—to-day they are the Golden Rule of Health for millions of sensible men and women.

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1/- and 2/4 per box
Worth a Guinea a Box



America entertains her troops

THE U.S. Special Service Department realises that keeping up morale is an important step to victory, and music is one of the best morale builders.

So swing band concerts are often held for American soldiers in the torrid jungles of New Guinea and the sandy wastes of North Australia.

"It was the best evening's entertainment we have had for months and cheered us up no end," wrote an Australian soldier who had been invited to one of these open-air swing concerts.

"You can imagine how impressive it was to hear swing music echoing through the jungle, and to see the happy faces of hundreds of men who listened or joined in the songs," he added.

Films are important morale builders, too. In North Australia and New Guinea there are 84 16-millimetre film projectors, and the "Service lads in far-flung posts see the

leading films many months before they appear in our main cities. As soon as the films are previewed in the United States they are released to the Army in 16-millimetre form and flown to Australia. Each week all the latest newsreels and three new full-length films arrive, and three copies of each film are immediately despatched to the front.

The United Services Organisation, which is doing magnificent work entertaining the boys in the United States, has already sent to Australia one unit of 14, which spent several months in New Guinea. Special Service officers who have long been connected with the show business in the United States have now arrived in Australia to lend assistance and provide stimulus for soldiers' shows and camp concerts.

Entertainment has not been thrown into confusion by the shock of war, and is proving no good-time whim but a staunch ally.

• Our color photographer, Robert Cleland, took this lively picture of noted U.S.A. bandman, William Gerber, from Baltimore, Maryland, now Army private, who gives the boys a swing session on the drums.



First appearance of Jantzen's VELVA-CORD in a Cardigan!

Velva-cord is Jantzen's fabric . . . you've seen it in their swim suits. Now Jantzen tailors it for a cardigan with full military shoulders. Cuffs are hand-tacked for individual adjustment. Navy, Bahama, Burgundy, Cherry, Aqua, Black. 45/- . . . 7 coupons.

Essential Civilian Wear Jantzen also is making men's and women's wool pullovers and women's cardigans and coats.

Jantzen

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Commando drama



1 PEACETIME NORWAY finds English girl Judith (Anna Lee) attending village wedding, where she meets and falls in love with widower, Eric (Paul Muni).



2 WAR COMES TO NORWAY, claiming as its first victims Bergesen (Ray Collins) and wife (Lillian Gish), and Eric forms commando group to fight the Nazis.



3 ALTHOUGH fearful for his daughter (A. Carter), Eric incites killing of Nazi colonel.

4 FLEEING to the hills with colonel's daughter, Eric discovers a German airport.



5 STEALING BACK to village, he escapes to England to give warning of Nazi plans and, after seeing Judith, offers to return to Norway and lead an attack.



Acting real life roles.

• Columbia's "Commandos Strike at Dawn" is the first important film drama of the world's toughest fighting men.

Although a score of well-known Hollywood actors and actresses played in support of Paul Muni in this film, only two per cent of the cast of over a thousand were professional screen players. The others were Canadian soldiers, sailors or fliers (including several commando units) on loan from the Dominion defence authorities to ensure the film's authenticity.

6 PLACED in charge of a commando group, Eric promises to marry Judith after the raid.

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WHEAT	HAZEL	GRAY	VERY NORMAL
RUBBY	BROWN	GRAY	VERY OILY
YELLOW	BLACK	GRAY	VERY DRY
PEACH	BLACK	GRAY	VERY SENSITIVE
OLIVE	BLACK	GRAY	VERY NORMAL
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WHEN DICK ASKED
BUD AND HANK TO TEA
THEY RUSHED THE INVITATION

BUT AFTER TINKERING
WITH THE 'JEEP'
HANK SHOWED SOME HESITATION



"I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
CALL IT OFF
MY HANDS WILL SURE DISGUST 'EM"



BUT BUD HAD SOLVOL
IN HIS KIT
(A GOOD OLD AUSSIE CUSTOM)

**ALL HANDS
TODAY
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• Lovely Annabella had U.S.A. Marines husband, Tyrone Power, home on leave for the Academy dinner. She is now making "Bomber's Moon" for Twentieth Century-Fox.



• Maureen Reagan, daughter of Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, clings her father on the set of Warner's "This Is the Army," which he has been granted special Army leave to make.

ACTORS ON LEAVE

By Cable from
VIOLA MACDONALD in
Hollywood

WHEN the Hollywood actors get leave from the Services, their first thought is usually to return home and spend a few hours with their family, but unfortunately most of the stars are stationed at posts a long way from Hollywood, and so with brief leave of 24 hours to three days they rarely manage to get home.

However, among the recent lucky visitors are Tyrone Power, Ronald Reagan, John Payne, and Gene Raymond.

Alan Ladd spent his leave pacing the hospital corridor awaiting the arrival of baby daughter, who was born just before he returned to Army duty. He didn't even have time to visit Paramount Studios, where his fan mail is piling up. The studio says that he has almost reached Valentino's record for fan mail, and although Alan has only made three films he averages 1000 letters daily.

The happiest Army wife in Hollywood is Jane Wyman, whose husband, Ronnie Reagan, has been granted special leave to work in Warner's film, "This Is the Army." "He is now living at home," said Jane, "but I feel this state of affairs is too good to last, so we try to live entirely in the present, recognising the fact that he may be transferred overseas any time."

During the day Reagan works on one set and Jane on another, as she is playing in the remake of "Animal Kingdom."

Back from England

PERHAPS the most sought-after actor on furlough is Capt. Gene Raymond, who appeared suddenly from England, dashed madly about Hollywood for three days trying to keep all engagements, then flew to New York, rejoining his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, for an appearance in "Stage-door Canteen" before leaving for England. Gene stayed with his brother, Robert Marlow, in the house he originally built for Jeanette, and gave a party for a few intimate friends.

Gene told his great friend Basil Rathbone: "It sure is good to get a whiff of California again. I had no idea I was so homesick, and I am trying to store up memories to last me till the end of the war. But I am impatient to get back to duties in England at Air Corps operations base."

Annabella said the last time husband Tyrone Power had leave from the Marine camp was the night of the Academy dinner. He appeared with a Marine private in tow, and discovered at the last minute that they were supposed to wear dress uniforms to the dinner. Tyrone solved the situation by telephoning Fox wardrobe department and asking them to lend two dress uniforms which had been used in the Marine film, "Shores of Tripoli." Consequently, both boys attended dinner correctly dressed, with nobody the wiser. Annabella has not seen Tyrone since, but telephones him daily, and is eager to visit him at his new post several hundred miles away.



• Sturdy member of the Marines, Stirling Hayden, has had little opportunity to see wife, Madeleine Carroll, since he joined up.

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INSTANT DEATH TO CUT UPPER TEETH FIRST—

Amongst the "Wajagga" tribe of the Mount Killimanjaro district of East Africa, a child who cuts upper teeth before those of lower teeth is put to death instantly.

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—In 1846 Eben Frost asked Dr. W. T. G. Morton to pull his teeth quickly and painlessly. Morton, discoverer of ether, explained the facts of ether and its dangers. Frost agreed, and lived to be the first to take ether.

MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL SO CLEAN—Your teeth won't decay so readily when kept free from food deposits. Kolynos removes food deposits, makes teeth whiter. And you can't beat Kolynos for economy. Half an inch on a dry brush... that's all you need.

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Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night, so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die.

Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco, just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

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HOLLYWOOD

HAS WHAT IT TAKES — to keep skin soft, attractive despite extra war work.

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ACTUAL STATEMENT
BY LINDA DARNELL

—and you
can have
the same
in your
own home



THOSE LONG HOURS
IN THE PLANT ARE
CERTAINLY HARD ON
A GIRL'S COMPLEXION



BUT IT'S
QUITE TRUE
WHAT LINDA
DARNELL SAYS:
**LUX TOILET
SOAP** IS A
WONDERFUL
BEAUTY AID



THINKS —
IT'S MY NICE
SMOOTH SKIN
THAT'S MADE A
HIT WITH BILL



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STOCKINGS ARE BOUND
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U. 96.1

Generals' wives are Britain's proudest women



LADY ALEXANDER, wife of the British General who helped to win victory in North Africa.



GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, Commander-in-Chief Allied Land Forces in Tunisia.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KENNETH ANDERSON, Commander of the British First Army in Tunisia.

Mrs. Anderson shared the thrill of victory with wounded returned from Tunisia

By beam wireless from ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

Two of the proudest women in Britain now are Lady Alexander and Mrs. Kenneth Anderson, wives of British Generals whose names will be forever linked with Allied victories in Tunisia.

Both heard the good news of the fall of Tunis and Bizerta over the radio. They had watched their husbands' brilliant generalship through the campaign from their important though less spectacular jobs on the home front.

"I SENT an airgraph as soon as I heard the news," Mrs. Anderson, wife of the leader of the British First Army, said. "We'll get them cleaned up soon."

She is assistant commandant at a Red Cross hospital, Irish, and full of optimism.

She has a slight brogue and a merry twinkle in her eye, and she's got that indefinable something called charm that has endeared her to every man in the First Army.

Mrs. Anderson knew many of her husband's men when

they were in England. Now she visits them in hospital, for some of the wounded are already home.

"They are mostly privates," she said, "and I rushed straight to the hospital this morning to share the good news with men whose comrades are sharing the thrill of victory."

"What a grand lot they are! I always feel so proud of them, and I know Kenneth must feel proud, too. That is why I always wear their Crusader flash as a brooch. I like to feel in some way I am part of the First Army."

Like Mrs. Anderson, Lady Alexander, who is the wife of the Commander-in-Chief Allied Land Forces in Tunisia, farewelled her husband at the outbreak of war and dedicated herself to service on the civilian front.

She took charge of the evacuation from danger areas of children under five.

Big evacuation job

AT the Women's Voluntary Services' headquarters a neat hand-printed card marks the door behind which she sits in charge of the vast army of children whom she's helped to place in evacuation homes.

Figures for the evacuation of children under five reach the large total of 22,000 from London.

I saw some of her records this morning as newspaper headlines outside flashed news of 50,000 prisoners taken in Tunisia. Her index cards showed almost half that number of children released from London and all the horrors of bombing.

In a steady flow, Lady Alexander's charges have continued to trek from London to havens of security in country nurseries.

Here they're growing up sturdy youngsters, well nourished, well cared for, well disciplined. Some go for short periods, others for the duration.

The evacuation scheme for children under five has always been very plastic, Lady Alexander told me. That's why, when there was respite from bombing, the nurseries opened their doors to children of women who went on essential war work.

Many of these women have husbands who stand triumphantly side by side with General Alexander on the North African front. They share her pride in the British Army, just as she's shared and eased their burdens through difficult days on the domestic front.

"Of course, I'm naturally very thrilled," she said. "I heard the news at seven o'clock on the radio. It was my day off, and I brought the children to the wireless to listen in with me."

Lady Alexander gave her three children a tea-party that day to celebrate. Rose, who is eleven, Shaunie eight, and Brian four, are all immensely proud of their daddy.

He writes to them in turn, and draws little pictures of the desert. Once he drew them a tortoise.

Lady Alexander hasn't heard from her husband for some time—not since his latest exploits. "I know how busy he is, and I don't expect letters every mail," she said.

Mrs. Anderson is luckier about letters, for she had recently received more than one from General Anderson, and, from the tone of them, she had no doubt of the outcome of the campaign. "He said in his last letter, 'By the time you get this things will have started, and I've every confidence it will be a great victory.'"

Neither General Anderson's son nor daughter has been in touch with Mrs. Anderson since the news broke.

"My daughter Bridget is on an ack-ack sight, so she's probably too tired or too busy to drop me a line," she said, "while our boy, who is at his father's old school in Scotland, is probably so busy talking about it that he's not thought yet about putting pen to paper."

She showed me one letter from fifteen-year-old Michael, written after earlier news of victory.

In a round schoolboy hand he wrote: "I find dad's successes very exhilarating!"

Mrs. Anderson laughed. "Children have such a funny way of expressing themselves," she said.



GENERAL MONTGOMERY, leader of the famous British Eighth Army.

Bridget is a lance-corporal in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

She married early last year Major Alexis Katilovitch, who is in the Royal Signals and left England about the same time as General Anderson left for Tunisia.

He is English, though his father was a Russian.

Bridget was in the W.A.A.P. on a fighter station all through the Battle of Britain. She put her age on a year to join, but, as the daughter of an Army man and wife of a serving soldier, she felt she must go into the Army, too.

So she arranged a transfer to the khaki ranks as an ordinary private, and has worked up to a lance-corporal.

Mrs. Anderson told me of the friendship between General Montgomery, famous leader of the Eighth Army, and her husband. They were at the staff college in India together.

"I knew his late wife Betty very well. She was so sweet. The General has a dear little boy at school in England. I do not know Lady Montgomery, his mother, but from her son I know what a real person she is. They used to be such regular correspondents."

Anderson used cunning

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ANDERSON was responsible for a brilliantly successful deception of the enemy that led to the unexpectedly swift collapse at Tunis and Bizerta.

He planned a ruse which led the opposing forces to believe that the main Allied attack would come from a certain point, but the true point of the attack was 25 miles away.

As a result, British tanks crashed through on the shortest road to Tunis at a place where there were no German tanks to oppose them.

Anderson leads an army of which the backbone is formed of veterans of Dunkirk. They wear the First Army's badge, a Crusader's Cross, and have declared they would follow Anderson into hell!



WHEN ON LEAVE, General Alexander gives his younger son, Brian, a hand with a building job.

Editorial

MAY 22, 1943.

VICTORY IN AFRICA

THE North African victory was a triumph for the united efforts of the Allied nations.

The forces who fought the Axis were truly a league of nations in arms.

From the east General Montgomery led an Empire Army drawn from the cities and hamlets of Great Britain, from the pastures and factories of New Zealand, the frontiers and plains of India, and Africa's lonely veldt.

Australia's Ninth Division had a share in its opening victories, and Australian airmen were in at the death.

Thousands of young soldiers from every State in America fought their way from the west, alongside General Anderson's First Army, with its contingents of Canadians.

Up from the south-west came Fighting Frenchmen to strike their blows against the hated aggressor.

The result—the first great, complete victory for the armed forces of the united nations.

A feeling of renewed faith swept the whole free world with the knowledge that one continent had been cleared of the enemy.

All eyes turned to that other continent on which the power of Fascism must be completely broken. In quiet confidence news is awaited of blows that will bring final victory to a blood-weary world.

The nations who are pledged to achieve that aim have demonstrated the greatness of their strength in fighting comradeship.

That strength is the world's bastion against slavery.

—THE EDITOR.

Pilot evades grim desert chase

A fighter-bomber pilot who crash-landed his damaged plane behind the enemy lines near Tripoli found that the bombs he thought he had dropped were still intact under the plane.

The pilot, Sgt.-Pilot K. Goulder, tells his parents at 72 Tyneside Avenue, Willoughby, N.S.W., how he was chased and shot at by Germans, and finally reached safety after three days and nights.

"I HOPE I have kept you interested in telling you this," he says at the end of his description of his adventures.

"We were sent out as a squadron to bomb and strafe the road west of Tripoli.

"It was quite a long way from our landing-field and we took some time to reach our objective, but when we did we were met by intense German ack-ack.

"I was hit almost immediately in the wing, rudder, and engine. I streamed black smoke immediately, and oil came back all over the wind-screen and it was impossible to see.

"Nevertheless, I went into a dive and let go my bombs, as I thought, on German moving transport.

"The engine sounded awful, and black smoke filled the cockpit. I knew it was a matter of minutes before the engine 'packed up' altogether or burst into flames, so I looked for a place to crash land.

"It was terrible country, consisting entirely of sand hills, but I could not pick and choose, as my motor was dead. The next few minutes will live in my memory for the rest of my life. I went through a thousand horrors.

"The ground was coming up to meet me very rapidly.

"I kept on 'holding off' and reducing speed, when at about 130 m.p.h. I hit the top of a sandhill, ploughed my way through it, and finally came to rest about 90 yards further on.

"I scrambled on to the ground and surveyed the wreck. My pals up in the air flew over me low, and I waved to them to show I was O.K.

"On further examination of the machine I was incredibly surprised to see that my bombs were still on. Why they did not blow up when I crash-landed remains a mystery.

"I did not stay at the scene of the crash any longer than I could help, as I was well inside enemy territory.

"I commenced walking towards our lines, and had been going fifteen minutes when I came across an Arab camp. In exchange for £1 they gave me a waterbottle full of water and a handkerchief full of dates. I continued walking all day, and by nightfall was fairly tired.

"I had a slight rest, then kept walking on. My first bit of excitement came the following morning, when I saw in the distance what I took to be telegraph-posts.

"I made my way towards these, and on getting closer could discern figures. They happened to be German machine-gun posts, and evidently the crews had seen me coming some way off, for they sent two of their soldiers round behind me on foot.

"I was keeping a pretty good look-out in case I ran up against the



NATIVE CARRIERS talk with an Australian soldier somewhere in New Guinea. Photo sent by Gunner A. R. Holshauer, to his sister, Mrs. J. Dalley, 24 Frederick Street, St. Peters, N.S.W.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

enemy, and I spotted these two about four hundred yards away. I broke into a fast run, but they took aim at me and fired.

"Bullets whistled past my head and I ducked for cover. Thank goodness the country was hilly, and this enabled me to fox them for a while.

"But when I came to the top of a small rise they spotted me again and fired two more shots, which went too close for comfort. I got into the low stuff again and doubled back on my tracks, finding a bit of cover in this way.

"I came across a medium-sized bush and hid in this for about an hour.

"When I did venture forth from my hiding-place I made my way cautiously from the spot, and kept on walking all day and night.

"The water situation was pretty bad, and I hadn't had any food at all except the dates. I met an occasional Arab, and if they had any water they filled my waterbottle.

"My feet were getting very sore, as the going was very rough. I was almost done for towards the middle of the third day, when some Arabs came upon me and offered to take me back to the English.

"I left myself entirely in their hands, and just followed them back in the direction I had come. What a pleasant surprise I received when about nightfall I saw one of our Army trucks coming towards me.

"I waved frantically, and they saw my signals, and at last I was in safe hands.

"The Arabs were rewarded for bringing me back, and I thanked them most gratefully.

"I hope I have kept you interested in telling you this. I am indeed fortunate in still being alive."

Stoker Ian Gunter to Miss Margaret Slee, 86 Ferguson St., Williamstown, Vic.:

"WHEN the last lot of stores came aboard there was a nest of crickets in the packing of one of the cases.

"When the things were being unpacked the family moved into their new lodgings with the greatest of speed, and hid themselves so well that for three days and nights they sang with great gusto.

"The lads captured two of the band about an hour ago, and up went a great cheer announcing the capture of the leader, 'Benny Goodman.'

"Poor 'Benny' put up a good front, and warbled his last note as he ran into the trap—a large match-box, which when shut held him nicely.

"Some of the boys want to have him mounted on a little stand and put in a glass case.

"But one of the sentimental ones said, 'Leave him in his box, and put him overboard so that he can "swim" along behind.'

"The majority, however, are all for keeping 'Benny' till we get back to port, so that we can put him ashore and give him another chance—so we will."

L.o.c. D. W. Hyde in Canada to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hyde, 32 Lang St., Mosman, N.S.W.:

"HAD a marvellous time on my nine days' leave. A lot of the boys and myself went to Spokane, Washington, U.S.A., and did they show us a wonderful time!

"We were billeted at a beautiful private home, a big two-story home with a bathroom for each bedroom.

"We would get up at 11 o'clock each day, and Mr. and Mrs. Hirt, who owned the house, would drive us wherever we wished to go.

"They took us out to tea to the big restaurants, hotels, and night-clubs.

"One of the biggest public schools asked us if we would tell the children about Australia, and, of course, we were only too pleased to do so.

"Six of us went there, and they had all the children in a big hall waiting for us.

"Most of the boys got stage-fright, but I didn't, so I had to talk for about an hour and a half all about Australia."

Interesting People



—Here, Pardon.
MATRON O. ROBERTSON

"... Back with the boys." IN charge of Walter T. Robertson Red Cross Convalescent Home, Toowoomba, Queensland, is Matron Olive Robertson, A.I.F., nurse of last war and a former matron of Toowoomba General Hospital. "It's great to be back with the boys again," she declares; "they're the same grand fellows as their Anzac fathers."



MAJ.-GEN. F. A. M. BROWNING
... C.O. paratroops.

COMMANDER of Britain's paratroops is former Grenadier Guardsman Major-General F. A. M. Browning, D.S.O. "We expect to have honor of leading any invasion," he says. In Tunisian campaign his men have won more decorations than any other fighting unit. "Air-borne troops are kernel of any future international police force," he declares. His wife is famous author, Daphne du Maurier.



MISS MARY SMITH

... Psychology. MISS MARY SMITH, of Adelaide, is newly-appointed psychologist to South Australian Education Department. Was recently awarded Knight Fellowship by Manchester University, where she did post-graduate course before the war. Is first Australian to obtain the fellowship.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE is every likelihood that May 24 will be extremely fortunate for many Geminians, Librans and Aquarians. Therefore, they should plan wisely and work hard to achieve progress and gains of all kinds.

Many Arians can benefit, too. In fact, there are several good weeks ahead for all these people.

As against this, the majority of Virgoans, Sagittarians, and Pisceans will now find difficulties prevailing, and caution in all things is advised.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 20 (forenoon and early evening) can be helpful, but May 24 (to 10 p.m.) can be better still. Seek gains, but not incautiously.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Take things more quietly now, though May 22 (afternoon) may have some pleasing reactions, possibly as a result of good work done in recent weeks. Balance of week poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Some good weeks ahead, so plan for desired successes. May 24 (late evening) can be excellent, so be sure to start new ventures, ask for promotion or other gains, and make changes then. Don't waste a moment. May 20 and 21 poor; May 25 (especially early afternoon) good; May 26 (sunrise) poor, then good to 11 p.m.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): May 18 (mid-evening hours) can be favorable for semi-important affairs. So can May 19 (from dusk).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): A week for caution, but thereafter things improve somewhat. May 18, 19, and 20 (very early 20) can be adverse; May 24, 25, and 26 poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A changing week, so observe caution. May 18 (near sunset) poor, but mid-evening very good; May 19 (from 7 p.m.) very good; May 20 (round sunrise) poor, but good in forenoon, then adverse to May 22. Thereafter poor for some weeks.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Utilise the next few weeks wisely, for much good fortune is possible. May 24 can be excellent. Work hard during the good hours, seeking desired goals and happiness. May 25 (especially the afternoon) good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A difficult week, so be cautious. It starts badly, especially on May 18, 19, and 20, when there can be difficulties, losses, opposition or other upsets. May 22 (to noon), May 24, and May 25 poor, too. A week of routine is advised.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Beware separative conditions, arguments, and upsets, especially on May 20 (around sunset), May 22 (morning), May 21 (forenoon), May 23 (around midnight), and May 24 (late evening). Live quietly for some weeks.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): May 18 (early) poor, but forenoon quite good and balance fair. May 19 (to 7 p.m.) fair, then good. May 20 (around 7 and 8 a.m.) poor, but forenoon good. May 24 helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A mixed week, so be cautious. It starts badly, especially between May 18 and 20 and on May 21 (early) and May 22, May 23 (forenoon and midnight) is poor; May 24 (to mid-evening) really excellent, so utilise fully; May 25 good.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A mixed week. Act with caution. May 18 (forenoon) good, balance fair; May 19 (to dusk) fair, then good. Balance of week probably poor, so live quietly.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are on the eve of clearing up the mystery of the inexplicable attempts at murder at an old-fashioned house where they are spending the week-end. They have discovered that **UNCLE:** Who occupies the house with his niece, **CLAIR:** Is using an orchid which gives off a

sent that creates an urge to kill, his motive being to prevent her marrying **BOB:** Because he will then lose her inheritance. On learning that his plans have been frustrated, he rushes to where he has **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, a prisoner, and carries her to a shack surrounded by thorny bushes. Mandrake is about to follow when Clair stops him. **NOW READ ON:**



CLAIR, WHY ARE YOU STOPPING US? YOUR UNCLE'S GOT NARDA OUT THERE.



MANDRAKE, YOU CAN'T GO INTO THIS FIELD. IT'S UNCLE'S POISON PATCH!



WE CALL IT UNCLE'S GARDEN OF DEATH. NONE OF US, EXCEPT UNCLE, DARES TO ENTER IT, BECAUSE THERE ARE NO PATHS. EVEN THE HEAVIEST CLOTHING CANNOT WITHSTAND SOME OF THE LONG THORNS.



ONE SCRATCH MEANS INSTANT DEATH, BELIEVE ME! I SAW A DOG WANDER IN THERE ONE DAY--



BUT YOUR UNCLE CARRIED NARDA THROUGH THOSE BUSHES TO THE SHACK. THERE MUST BE A PATH.



THERE IS A "PATH" UNCLE PLANTED A ZIG-ZAGGING LINE OF NON-POISONOUS BUSHES AMONG THE DEADLY ONES. WHEN HE ENTERS THE FIELD, HE FOLLOWS THAT LINE!



BUT ONLY UNCLE KNOWS WHICH BUSHES ARE HARMLESS. HE ALONE CAN ENTER THE FIELD--BY WALKING THROUGH HARMLESS BUSHES!



HA-HA--MY POISON THORNS ARE KEEPING YOUR FRIENDS AT A SAFE DISTANCE--EVEN THE GREAT MAGICIAN SEEMS AFRAID OF MY THORNS---



YOU SEE, MY DEAR NARDA, AS LONG AS YOU ARE HERE, I AM SAFE. OTHERWISE, THEY MIGHT BE RECKLESS--AND SHOOT BULLETS AT THIS SHACK.



MASTER, ME GO!

IN THAT OUTFIT? CLAIR SAYS EVEN THE HEAVIEST CLOTHING CAN'T WITHSTAND THE POISONOUS THORNS.



BUT WHAT US DO?

NARDA'S THERE, ONLY FIFTY YARDS AWAY, BUT SHE MIGHT AS WELL BE A MILLION MILES AWAY!



ALTHO I AM HOLDING YOU HERE AS A HOSTAGE, DEAR NARDA, THERE IS NO REASON TO KEEP YOU BOUND. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THROUGH THE THORNS--ANY MORE THAN THEY CAN COME HERE.



THE GAG, ALSO, IS NO LONGER NECESSARY--I KNOW THAT WOMEN ALWAYS FEEL BETTER WHEN THEY CAN TALK.



MANDRAKE! MANDRAKE!



THAT'S NARDA--!

NO--MASTER. NO MANDRAKE!

TO BE CONTINUED

Teaching the troops to talk things over . . .



SOLDIERS EXCHANGE their opinions in a Discussion Group. Left to right: Pte. C. J. Woodhouse, Pte. J. H. Smith, Sgt. D. R. Lovely (57-year-old "father" of the group), Pte. T. J. Daley, and Pte. A. D. Griffin (both 20 years old), W.-O. Fitzsimmons.

Army education guides soldiers to broader citizenship

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Under the peppercorn trees somewhere in Australia sat ten soldiers merged in the uniformity of khaki.

But their talk revealed that in spite of the identical uniforms, boots and badges, they were ten individuals with very different backgrounds.

TWO had been commercial travellers. The rest comprised a company secretary, a carpet salesman, a works manager, a softgoods warehouse clerk, a gas company clerk, a painting contractor, a grazier, and a soldier in the permanent forces. They all held pamphlets in their hands. They were not discussing horse-racing, beer, or bully beef. They were talking about the earliest beginnings of Pacific geography.



PRIVATE G. A. KEAREY, former works manager in a canister factory, reads "The World at War" in readiness for the day's discussion.

A sergeant with a faraway look in his eyes was telling the group about the end of the Ice Age, when the ice melted, flooded the rivers of China, and cut Australia off from Asia.

We were listening to one of the 400 Discussion Groups organised by the Army Education Service. This group was taking a course on The Clash in the Pacific.

Object of the Discussion Groups is to help men to get to know each other better, to understand and appreciate each other's point of view.

The scheme is also available for Awacs, who are forming their own enthusiastic groups.

"This war is a comparatively mobile war," said an officer in the A.E.S. "In the last war men spent long periods in the trenches and knew a lot about each other, each other's views, and their civilian jobs."

"This war is essentially a war of movement and there is not so much opportunity for swapping opinions and getting to know each other."

"The Discussion Group gives them this opportunity. It helps them to learn tolerance and to discover the difference between discussion and argument."

"They learn in an entertaining way the basis of good citizenship."

The scheme does not attempt to qualify men for a trade or profession. These fields are covered by the A.E.S. through correspondence courses and special classes.

It does aim at providing soldiers with the means to add to their knowledge of the world they will return to after the war, at increasing their ability to handle facts, and at giving them the means of keeping in touch with things they were interested in in civilian life, and acquiring new interests.

The small white pamphlets find their way all over Australia and New Guinea.

You will see them in the dim light of a hurricane lamp in far-away jungle clearings, in dusty tents in the Northern Territory, in suburban barracks, even produced from haversacks at bivouac time during manoeuvres way out in the bush.

The subjects for Discussion Groups cover a wide field. They include: The use of Books, Introduction to Literature, Australian Economics, Man's Place in Nature, The Man on the Land, Language and Man.

There is nothing solemn or school-roomy about these Discussion Groups.

They consist of from ten to sixteen men, and they appoint a



DISCUSSION GROUP of Awacs. Back row (left to right): Gunners Pat O'Rourke, Enid Proctor. Front: Gunners Joan Ratford, Marie Sullivan, Lorna Evans, Mary Silk.

leader, who reads out the chapter for the day's discussion, encourages the shy members to state their opinion, and controls the very talkative ones who may be inclined to "hold the floor."

The number of courses available to Discussion Groups is to be greatly increased with the assistance of members of the Australian Journalists' Association.

Journalists throughout Australia will provide, in an honorary capacity, the subject matter for hundreds of discussion courses ranging from The Future of Australian Films, to Should Married Women Work; and Post-War Housing, to Naval Strategy.

Learn to read

DISCUSSION Groups are only one part of the enormous and worthwhile task being carried out by the Army Education Service.

The comradeship of Army life has helped the A.E.S. to reduce illiteracy among soldiers.

Three per cent. of Australia's soldiers cannot read or write.

"These chaps are a bit shy," said the A.E.S. officer, "and we would never find out, officially, that they wanted to learn to read and write."

"But one of their mates will persuade them to take lessons. They begin with pot-hooks."

"The man who cannot read or

write often feels, quite unjustifiably, a bit inferior to the man who can."

"Actually, he is often a wizard at working out complicated mathematical problems in his head, even though he could not write down 'twice two are four.'"

The A.E.S. is unashamedly proud of the man who could not read or write, but after being taught through the A.E.S. forged a leave pass successfully.

Primarily, the Army Education Service was created for men, but wherever practicable its services are available to Awacs.

An A.W.A.S. officer is now attached to Army Education Headquarters to act as liaison officer with A.W.A.S. personnel in the field, and will organise educational activities.

For all correspondence courses, lectures, and Discussion Groups the same material will be available for the Awacs as for the men, but subjects of special interest to women will be added to the Discussion Group courses.

Additional courses, though, will be provided for women in practical work and the Hobbies section.

There will be a course, for instance, in domestic science, and a series of cookery classes.

It is hoped that, though the girls may be doing men's jobs in the Army, they will wish to retain their interest in women's occupations.



"The General Died at Dawn"

Mystery and Adventure in Modern China.

Starring — Lyndall Barbour and John Nugent Hayward, with Arundel Nixon, Bettie Dickson, Lou Vernon, and others.

2GB

MON. to THURS. 6.43 p.m.

Please, Johnny Wade

Write and tell him the songs you want to hear him sing, in his grand half-hour show.

2GB

SATURDAY, 9.30 p.m.





Mechanised Warfare

Driver A. Heeps, of Bendigo, Victoria, patches his pants on a sewing-machine, somewhere in Northern Australia. Heeps served in Malaya and escaped. He rejoined another section of his unit and has since been serving in an operational area. -Photo: Department of Information.

Common People

Continued from page 5

"WHAT the—!" he began, when Pel interrupted.

"Have a look at the back tyre." Rogers walked to the back of the car and as he did so Pel opened the door and climbed into the back seat. "Jump in," he said, "and drive slowly. I've got to talk to you."

Rogers did as he was bidden. He was frowning. Pel leaned forward. In the little mirror he could see the reflection of Rogers' face. He watched it carefully as he spoke.

"Have you heard anything, Skin?" he asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"About the girl you asked me to see."

There was a slight hesitation before Rogers said: "What about her?"

"She's dead."

In the mirror he could see Rogers' eyes but he could read nothing in them.

"Dead?" Rogers repeated, dully.

"She was murdered. Skin—strangled."

The car swerved suddenly, Rogers, recovering control, began to pull up.

"Don't stop," Pel said. "Listen, Skin. I'm your friend. I'll believe anything you tell me, see—whatever you say. You didn't see her yesterday, did you?"

There was no answer.

"You weren't in her flat, were you?" Pel's voice was anxious.

There was another silence while Pel gazed into the mirror. At last Rogers said, softly, "Yes, I was there."

Pel waited a moment. "I'm glad you told me, Skin, because someone else saw you."

"Who?"

"Sapolio. You—you didn't have any trouble with her?"

Rogers mechanically honked at a schoolboy stepping off the kerb. He half turned in his seat. "Don't worry, Pel. I never killed her."

Pelham gave a sigh of relief. He sank back in the rear seat. "And there was no trouble?"

"Far from it."

The street was deserted. Rogers stopped the car.

"She wrote me a letter—another one. She told me you had seen her—that she was going back to her people. She said she was sorry for what she had done. She asked me to come and see her so that she could explain. At first I thought it was a trap, but it sounded all right."

He looked round at Pel. "I'm a mug with women. I went. She was on the level. She told me all about you, and that you were going to make it right with the old man. She showed me his picture. We got to talking about him and his show. I told her when I was a kid Paul Maroni was my hero. I wanted to grow up like him, and ride two horses at once. I used to cut scraps about him from the newspapers—photos and things, and pictures of acrobats, and girls in lights."

"It was the time the big tents used to come right into the city before pictures got so strong. I had quite a collection stuck in an old album. I'll bring it out and show you," I said. She was quite excited. She said, 'I'd love to see it. If you'd lend it to me I'd like to take it back and show Dad.' She thought it would make him feel that she had been knocking round with his sort of people when, as a matter of fact, she hadn't."

"She was just hungry for them, Pel. I could see that."

"I was so glad the way things had ended I said: 'I'll go and get the scrap-book.' She said: 'There's no hurry.' 'All right,' I said, 'you'll have it either to-night or to-morrow.' That was the last I saw of her. Something happened. I couldn't take the book back that evening. I meant to take it to-day."

He threw in the clutch. "Shall we go back?" he asked.

Pel said: "Did you keep the letter she wrote you?"

Rogers felt in his pocket, but Pel said: "Leave it. I better not finger it." Rogers looked surprised.

Pel said: "There'll be enough prints in her flat already. Yours and mine. Heaven knows who else's. Anyway, the letter won't help, Skin. They'll say she knew you were soft and that it was only an excuse to get you into the flat again. When you got there something happened and—"

"And?" Rogers prompted.

"And you killed her."

Rogers exclaimed: "But that's absurd."

"No, it isn't," Pel said, "not the

way they'll see it—the police, I mean. They'll say Rogers wants to get married. This girl's a nuisance. Either she wouldn't be bought off, or she wanted too much. You lost your temper and—"

"You think so?"

"Either that," Pel said, simply, "or they'll say you paid me two hundred pounds to kill her for you."

Skin Rogers stared. He said, his face white: "What have I let you in for?"

"You gave me £300 for Sapolio's outfit. They'll make a nice play of that."

"But, Pel," the bookmaker began, "it's so blasted—"

"I know, I know," Pel interrupted. He leaned forward and put his hand on the other's shoulder.

"The trouble is, Skin, there's such a few people in the world that would help a man out like you did. Never mind, pal. Remember the scrapes we used to get in together at the old school."

Rogers' eyes twinkled. "I don't forget 'em," he said. "Not a one of 'em."

"We always got out of 'em, didn't we?"

"Sure we did."

"We'll be all right, Skin. Only it might look bad for a bit."

"We'll go back," Rogers said, "and tell 'em the lot."

"No," Pel said. "If you don't mind, would you play it my way? I've got a hunch. It's only a hunch—but, anyway, it won't hurt for you to be not immediately available. I want to think. After all, we've got to think further than saving our own skins. I want to get that devil who got Rena."

"That's right," Rogers said. Then after a moment: "I don't want it to look like I'm running away."

"You didn't see the papers to-day, Skin?"

"No."

"Right. You haven't heard anything. Ring through to your office and say you've decided to run up to the meeting. It's a nice day, anyway."

"What about you?"

"Drop me near a tram stop. Linley'll expect to see me. They won't bother you, Skin. They haven't your finger-prints at headquarters—or have they?"

Rogers grimaced. "Nope. Not yet."

"There's nothing that they know to connect you with the business."

"What about Sapolio?"

"He won't talk. He's a good scout. And, anyway, he'll figure if he comes into it too much they won't let him start his fast. We nail him up to-night."

Rogers stopped the car and sat, pondering the matter.

"O.K.," he said as Pel alighted. "You're the doctor. Ring or wire me if you're in a spot. Criterion Hotel." He started the big car.

It was still too early for the business rush to the city and there was no tram in sight. Rogers leaned out of the car.

"Listen, Pel," he said. "Remember when we pinched the green plums. The quack asked us what we'd been eating. We figured if we told him what we had inside us he'd know what we'd been up to. If we didn't tell him he wouldn't know what to do for us. Remember what the old boy said: 'When in doubt, speak the truth.'"

Pel went to the shop he had rented. It was now gaily plastered with posters announcing Sapolio's forthcoming fast. A big sign over the door cried: "Starting To-night. Promptly at 7.30 p.m. Sapolio will step into his glass prison. See him nailed up in his living tomb." In one of the windows a big card announced:

THE FIGURE BELOW INDICATES THE NUMBER OF DAYS THE AMAZING SAPOLIO HAS BEEN WITHOUT FOOD

Can Sapolio reach his great objective?

Can any human being starve for 70 days — and live?

Pel inspected these and other notices with satisfaction. He examined the ticket box with its sign: "Admission 6d. Open Day and Night." Then he went inside.

In the centre of the shop an outsize in glass houses had been erected. There was a wooden wall about two feet high round the four

sides and a wooden ceiling. But the rest was glass. Sapolio's only escape from the scrutiny of his visitors, once his fast began, was behind a recess hanging from the ceiling like a shower curtain in a bathroom.

His bed was already in place and there was an armchair, a deal table and two cheap kitchen chairs. Writing materials were already on the table, and in one corner of the "tomb" there were rows and rows of bottles containing soda water and some large cartons of cigarettes.

Pel was in process of setting the room in order when Detective Linley walked in. He glanced about him, interested.

"Does he really do it?" he asked.

"I think he does," Pel said. "I'll know better when it's over."

Linley tapped the woodwork under the glass. "No sliding doors? No false bottoms?"

"And nothing up my sleeve," Pelham said. He pointed to a slit in a wooden panel. "That's his only communication with the great outside world. Just big enough to allow letters to go through and autographed postcards, price sixpence, to come out."

"Does he get any letters?"

"Plenty. Mostly from cranks telling him he's got no right to do it. Funny that."

"Why?" Linley asked. "It's not quite the thing, is it? I mean is it right for a chap to take a chance like that—starving himself?"

"Plenty take chances," Pel argued. "Ordinary folk, too. Steeplejacks, fellows fixing girders on high bridges, steeplechase jockeys, dirt-track riders, aeroplane stunters."

"I get you," Linley said.

Pel went on: "Anyway, the cranks are wrong. Cranks usually are. Sapolio starves to keep himself alive. He thinks if he didn't starve every now and then he'd die. He's got an eccentric inside."

Linley said: "You financed this set-up, didn't you?"

Pel smiled. "You haven't wasted much time."

"It's a job," Linley said. "Did you?"

Pel nodded.

"Cost a bit," Linley conjectured.

"I'll say."

"Best part of two hundred with rent in advance, I mean?"

Pel laughed. "You're almost right to the penny. Must have had inside information."

Linley laughed, too. "This the only thing you're in financially?"

"They'll think you killed her yourself . . . or that you paid me to do it!" Pel warned his friend anxiously.

"One thing at a time," Pel said.

"Is enough—and plenty. A lawyer who'd come out of gasl told me once he was only sent there because he had too many irons in the fire."

"How'd you get the two hundred, Pelham? Save it up?"

"I could say so."

"So you could," Linley said, suavely. "Where are you living?"

Pel told him.

"Mind writing it down?"

Pel took the envelope he was handed. Very carefully he placed it against a glass pane in the "tomb," holding it there with his left hand. Then, very deliberately, he spread the fingers and thumb of his other hand and pressed them against the envelope. He handed it back to the detective.

"That do?"

Linley looked a little rueful.

"Was it as clumsy as all that?" he asked. "In a detective book I read the master criminal never knew what was happening and the sleuth became an inspector."

"You'll find a duplicate set in Rena Maroni's apartment," Pel told him.

Linley put the envelope away carefully. He looked into Pel's eyes.

"Thanks, Pelham." After a bit he said: "Anything on your mind. I'm a good listener."

Pel shook his head. "I'm too busy to-day. I've got all this—"

He waved his hand round the shop.

"Of course," Linley said. "Well, after Sapolio's begun to thin out we might have another yarn. We'll always set another knife and fork for you up at headquarters. Wish you luck with the show."

HE was moving to the door when Pel called him back. He said: "Mr. Linley, when you and the Superintendent had me in the other day, what was eating you?"

"Now, you're asking questions." The detective smiled but grew suddenly serious. "Listen, Pelham, you're no fool, but you've been away from this burg for a while and you've lost touch. Else you wouldn't be so dumb. You go places and you hear things. You get to know a lot of people. They talk in front of you. If you're not always on the level yourself you're so near it you can always keep your balance."

"There's plenty like you, or almost like you. They're not bad, but money tempts 'em and they go a little way over the border. A green copper, fresh from the country, eager to serve law and order and live on a high moral standard, would pull 'em in. But there are other coppers. Quite a long speech, Pelham."

"Yes," Pel waited.

Linley lit a cigarette. "You met the chief. Nice sort, eh?"

"I thought so."

"You thought right," Linley said, warmly, and went on, meditatively, "He's rather fond of green coppers."

He looked steadily at Pelham. Then he threw his match on the floor and gestured to the bottles of soda water.

"Good heavens," he said. "Don't tell me he's going to drink all that stuff. Well, ring me after the explosion."

Pel finished his work, then went and caught a tram, alighted, and walked round to Sapolio's apartment. He mounted to the first floor and paused at the door of the flat where Rena Maroni had died. The little address card had been removed. Gently he tried the door. It remained firm. They had put a new lock on.

Sapolio was sitting in his shirt sleeves reading the newspaper. He looked up, ingenuously, as Pel entered.

"Ah, my friend," he said, tapping the paper. "This terrible thing. Maybe it kill our show, eh? It bring zee bad luck."

"Maybe it don't," Pel said.

Marie sat at the table, the playing cards spread before her. She swept them into a pack. "Zere," she cried. "Encore. I tell zis foolish Henri everything she will be okay. Every time zee cards say good-luck."

Sapolio's big eyes roved mournfully around the room.

"Buck up," Pel said. "Of course everything will be dandy."

Sapolio was not to be consoled. "I do not like," he said. "Marie, she feel me. Every time she say the cards tell good."

He glanced reproachfully at his wife.

"My Marie, she deceive me. I know. The bad card she come up always, the good fellow card—nevaire."

"Lis'en to 'im," Marie exclaimed. "Lis'en to 'im, Miesur Pel. E is zee of sour puss. You tell 'im pack 'is trouble in 'is kitty bag."

"Which is the good card?" Pel asked.

"For me," Sapolio said, "zee seven of diamonds."

"Wait till I wash my hands," Pel said, "and we will try again. I'm in this, ain't I?" He went into the kitchen and returned drying his hands on his handkerchief. "Come here, Sapolio," he said, "and pick out the good card."

Sapolio threw down the paper and crossed to the table. He took the pack of cards and, sorting them, found the seven of diamonds. "She is the bes' card," he said, "but she never come. Marie, you know she never come. I watch you."

He picked the card up again and holding it in front of him gazed at it. "Why you nevaire pop up?" he asked. "Why you run away from Poppa?"

"He hasn't run away," Pel said. "Now, listen, Pop, listen, Marie. I'm in the show, ain't I? I'm a partner, ain't I?" They nodded. "Well, while you're with me everything's going to be fine and dandy. You'll see."

He held the pack of cards towards Sapolio. "Put your lucky card back," he said, and Henri obeyed. Pel shuffled the cards. Marie shuffled them. Sapolio shuffled them. Then Pel cut them and began to deal them out face downwards. Midway through he stopped. "There is the lucky seven for little Pel," he said, and turned it up. "What did I tell you?" he asked.

He shuffled again. He put out three stacks, one in front of each

Animal Antics



"That the Editor? Well, here's a real story at last—a man biting a dog!"

of them. "Where is the lucky card?" he asked.

"It is in 'ere, I tink," Marie said.

"No, no, I tink 'e is 'ere," Sapolio said.

"You can't get away from him," Pel said. "Watch." He picked up the pack Marie had selected and dealt the cards face up. "He will come out number seven," he said and he did. Marie was delighted, but Sapolio was downcast.

"Nevaire does 'e come for me," he said mournfully.

"Ah, but wait," Pel said. He picked up the stack before Marie and held it in one hand above his head.

"Now," he said to Sapolio, "take your stack and deal. He will follow you round. Count seven and you will find him."

Sapolio, doubtfully, began to deal the cards face up. "One, two, three, four, five." The sixth card was the ace of clubs, and he shivered, hesitating to turn the seventh. "Don't be scared," Pel said. "Good luck's chasing you round." In trepidation Sapolio turned the next card.

"Mon Dieu!" Marie cried. "E is zee seven of good luck. Oh, Poppa, Poppa, you see. It is Pel. E bring zee good luck."

Pel casually dropped the stack he had been holding aloft on to the table. He saw Sapolio pick the whole pack up and run through them rapidly. Then he got up and solemnly shook hands with Pel. He got down the cognac and poured into the little glasses. They were quite pleased about everything again.

When Marie left them for a moment, Pel said: "Did you tell Detective Linley about seeing Rogers?"

Sapolio looked at him reprovingly. "Mon ami," he said, "I tol' you I would not speak."

"Good," Pel said. "Thanks, Henri. Rogers didn't do it, I know."

Marie bustled back.

"Everything's okayedoke," Pel said.

"Better come down to-night about seven, Pop. And you, Marie, be there at exactly five minutes to eight. Pale make-up. And, don't forget, black dress."

"Like a widow already," Sapolio said with a grin.

She looked down at the colorful thing she was wearing and made a little face. "I like zee colors," she said.

"You shall wear the gay colors when Poppa is out of danger," Sapolio said, and poked Pel in the ribs and roared with laughter.

As he walked downstairs Pel took a seven of diamonds from the side pocket of his coat and restored it to the pack he carried in his upper inside pocket.

Arriving home, Pel ironed his trousers. Not the ones he had worn during the day but a pair of black evening pants. He carefully brushed his dress coat and vest and cast a critical eye over a white tie. He produced a top hat and, with the back of his sleeve, smoothed its sleek, shiny surface.

His wife sat, shelling peas. She never interfered with Pel's professional wardrobe.

They had an early meal and before 6.30 Pel was immaculately garbed. His hat was at a jaunty angle, a white scarf wound about his neck. He kissed the youngster.

"Say 'Here's hoping!'"

"Here's hoping, daddy."

His wife kissed him. "You look a real toff," she said.

Please turn to page 19



THESE THREE LUCKY SOLDIERS were conducted round MGM studios by Susan Peters, the lovely starlet who was acclaimed by the critics for her performance in "Random Harvest." The party received a cheery welcome when they visited Virginia Weidler.

Film Reviews

★ ★ HOLD THAT GHOST

Abbott, Costello. (Universal.)
COMEDIANS Abbott and Costello run riot in a haunted house—with sometimes uproarious results. This is one of the pair's more amusing comedies.

The film opens when they are waiters in a nightclub run by a gangster. This allows for the introduction of the Ted Lewis Entertainers and the Andrews Sisters. Beneficiaries under the gang leader's will, Abbott and Costello find themselves owners of a deserted tavern in the country—and this is the eerie setting for many of the most rollicking episodes.

The film uses a familiar formula for Abbott and Costello to provide fun within the spooky atmosphere, but the laughs depend mainly on the funny dialogue and crazy situations. Joan Davis, perpetually surprised, is a grand team mate for the star comedians.—State; showing.

★ ★ WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Allan Jones, Gloria Jean. (Universal.)

COMEDY and music are skillfully blended in this stimulating little show, which deals with the adventures of one of Uncle Sam's soldiers who returns home on leave and finds himself the object of all attention.

Allan Jones is a pleasant hero, and receives spirited support from Jane Frazee and Gloria Jean.

The film is well seasoned with a breezy selection of musical numbers, and the highlights in the rhythm section are the appearances of the Four Step Brothers and Phil Spitalay and his Hour of Charm All-Girl Orchestra.—State; showing.

★ ★ ALIBI

Margaret Lockwood, Hugh Sinclair. (GBD.)

AN ingenious French murder story in which a murderer builds himself an alibi with the aid of an innocent girl. The treatment is subtle rather than direct, but there is plenty of gripping drama and suspense.

Margaret Lockwood is charming as the penniless hostess, although possibly too poised and aristocratic for the role. The acting honors go to Raymond Lovell for his sinister study of a cold-blooded murderer. This is a satisfying drama with a splendid British cast, and set in an attractive atmosphere of gay pre-war Paris.—Civic; showing.

★ THE DARING YOUNG MAN

Joe E. Brown, Marguerite Chapman. (Columbia.)

THIS is an amusing show if you like Joe E. Brown's type of clowning. The story is sheer slap-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

stick and the wide-mouthed comedian is seen in a dual role as a shy, good-natured goof and his cigarette-smoking, dice-rolling, two-fisted grandmother.

To inject a topical note into the general hilarity, the inevitable Nazi spy-ring is introduced. Marguerite Chapman is an attractive little heroine.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★ ★ Mrs. Miniver. Heart-warming war classic with Greer Garson.—Liberty; 33rd week.

★ ★ The Foreman Went to France. Clifford Evans, Tommy Trinder in superb drama.—Lyceum; 10th week.

★ ★ This Above All. Dramatic love story. Joan Fontaine in magnificent.—Century; 8th week.

★ ★ Bambi. Walt Disney's charming and tender story of animal life.—Embassy; 4th week.

★ ★ Pride of the Yankees. Appealing story of baseball hero starring Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright.—Mayfair; 3rd week.

★ ★ Vanishing Virginian. Charming Old-World story, featuring Frank Morgan, Kathryn Grayson.—Victory; 14th week.

★ ★ Orchestra Wives. Prothy show highlighted with Glen Miller's band.—Plaza; 3rd week.

★ ★ Take a Letter, Darling. Slight but sparkling film featuring Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray.—Prince Edward; 4th week.

★ ★ Road to Morocco. Hope, Crosby, and Lamour in a hilarious comedy.—Regent; 4th week.

★ Yank at Eton. Disappointingly dull show with Mickey Rooney.—St. James; 3rd week.

Cagney to be producer-actor

From VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

James Cagney, who carried off the Academy Award for his acting in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," is now out to win further laurels with a new venture as the star and producer of "Johnny Come Lately."

The title of this film is the lingo of the tramps for a new-arrival in a hobo camp. And incidentally, for the first time in his career, Jimmy, an accepted "tough guy" of the screen, has the tables turned when his leading lady slaps him, instead of vice versa.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, who is now starring in a film called "Government Girl" for RKO, said that the role was similar to the lead in "Kitty Foyle." It is the adventures and romance of a girl secretary in wartime Washington. To get the technical details correct RKO signed on a veteran taxidriver of Washington as adviser. The driver will spend six weeks in Hollywood, giving data about Washington streets and buildings. Then he will return to his old job of taxi-driving.

PRODUCER Walter Wanger is mourning the loss of his valuable library, which went up in smoke in the fire which swept the house of Walter and his wife, Joan Bennett, recently. Wanger and his family escaped in their night

clothes, and took shelter at the home of producer Allan Dwan while the firemen fought the blaze. When Wanger reported for work at Universal studio next day he appeared in the bedroom slippers in which he had been working at the time of the fire. Faulty electric wiring is blamed for the tragedy. Joan Bennett-Wanger, who is an expectant mother, said that recently they had added a nursery for the new lot, but it has been completely destroyed. Only a small portion of the walls remain of the one-luxurious house, which is in the same street as the Crosby house, which was also recently burned. Joan told me she lost her entire collection of antique furniture, seven fur coats, and most of her clothes.

MARGARET SULLIVAN has returned to screen work with a role in Metro's "Cry Havoc." She is replacing Merle Oberon, who has gone to New York with wisdom-tooth trouble. Early this year Margaret Sullivan had firmly announced her intention of retiring permanently from the screen in order to devote herself to bringing up

her three children, but she has evidently been induced to change her mind.

Married to actors' agent Leland Hayward in 1936, Margaret has two girls, Brooke and Bridget, and a small son, Leland, aged two. Since his birth she has refused to sign any picture contracts. She made only one Universal comedy last year, "Appointment For Love," co-starring with Charles Boyer.

DONNA REED, who is playing the part of a Belgian refugee who comes to Australia after the last war, in Metro's "The Man From Down Under," surprised the cast of this film by producing some home-made loaves for one of the scenes. Donna learned to bake home-made loaves when she was a farm girl at her parents' farm in Iowa. She spent all her life on a farm before she came to Hollywood to do a secretarial course, and was discovered for films.

JOEL McCORMA, who stars in "Buffalo Bill" for Twentieth Century-Fox, will ride Florian, the magnificent Arabian steed previously used in Metro's horse story, "Florian." By the way, did you know that Joel's interest in pictures dates from the time when, as a tow-headed kid, he was pressed into service to ride a horse in a mob scene, and was paid about thirty shillings for it?

Common People

Continued from page 18

PEL was standing in the bedroom surveying himself in the long mirror.

"So I do. So I do," he said amiably. He picked up a small suitcase. "I'll be seeing you?" he said.

His wife said: "I do hope it's a success, Pel."

"It will be."

"Good luck, dear. I'll wait up."

"O.K. Tell you all about it then."

He allowed himself the luxury of a taxi. There would be some people hanging about the tomb. Dressed as he was, a taxi had public value. It lent distinction. It gave the show "class."

When the cab drew up outside the shop he alighted slowly, pleased to note that already there were a number of curious people about awaiting the arrival of the fasting man. With jealous air he paid off the taxi, surveyed the lighting arrangements, and sauntered inside.

His staff was waiting. She was perched in the middle of the glass "tomb" eating an apple and reading a book. Her eyes were glued to the page. Pel stepped quietly over the woodwork and through the aperture left in the glass house.

"Lo, Delphine!"

The girl jumped. "Gee, Mr. Pelham, you scared me."

He nodded at the book. "Exciting?"

"I'll say. Have you read it? 'Lord Ronald's Revenge'."

Pel took it and gravely inspected the cover depicting in many colors a bat-like gentleman opening a coffin in a vault. "I'll give you nightmares," he said. He gave her

the book again. "How's your husband?"

He was a tiger tamer who had been mauled by one of his cats.

"He's getting fidgety in hospital," she said. "Thinks the tigers'll forget him."

"When he gets into his uniform no one could ever forget him," Pel said. He opened the suitcase and gave her the roll-tickets and docket. "Check 'em and get ready to open as soon as Sapolo arrives. Don't let anyone else in. Where's Cecil?"

"He'll be along, Mr. Pelham. He's finishing his tap-dancing lesson early."

When the girl had gone behind the curtains dividing the entrance from the "tomb" itself Pel moved into the little recess which was to be Sapolo's dressing-room. He dropped on one knee and moved a float board which he had loosened during the day. A minute later he replaced the board, dusted his pants with his palm, and took his empty case into Delphine's ticket box.

Cecil, an extraordinarily tall youth, had arrived to take tickets and guard the door.

Sapolo came along shortly afterwards. He was in evening dress and had a gay flower in his button-hole.

"Mommie's," he explained as he saw Pel's critical eye upon it. "You mustn't take it away, Pel." From his coat pocket he took a rabbit's foot and put it on the deal table. From a small case he removed pyjamas, which he placed under the pillow of the bed, and a dressing-gown which he draped over the

end. He felt the mattress and pursed his lips.

From the bag he took razor and shaving materials and a mirror, which he placed on the deal table. Then he began unpacking books and magazines.

Pel eyed him for a moment, then stepped into the "tomb" and galloped up the reading matter. Sapolo raised his eyebrow.

"It's all right, Pop," Pel said. "You'll have them before we nail up. I've an idea."

Sapolo smiled and looked at his watch.

"All ready, my friend. Cast me to the lions."

Pel carried the books and magazines, found some paper, and wrapped them carefully. He put them on the floor of the ticket box and gave Cecil a few instructions.

"Supper is served, Delphie," he said. "Let 'er go!"

To be continued

Girls show promise as debaters

Success of mixed radio teams

When "Youth Speaks" was introduced by station 2GB as a half-hour session, in which the youth of to-day debated problems of current interest, it was confined to boys.

Now a change has been made and girls are being given an opportunity to express their thoughts on subjects not only of interest to youth but to grown-ups as well.

In a recent debate, "Should Homework Be Abolished?" the two girls chosen to assist two boys were Dorothy Dwyer and Elaine Whiteman.

They are both typical of thinking youth of to-day. Dorothy Dwyer is 18 years of age, and her ambition is to study social science. She has had five years' debating experience as a member of the team for the Holy Cross Convent, Bellevue Hill. As a member of that team she took part in the debate at a 1942 extended on "Personalities rather than ideas have determined the course of history," and her side of three won the debate.

Elaine Whiteman, on the other hand, has less experience as a debater, but is none the less interested in social science. At Fort Street High School she took part in several debates, and to-day at the age of 17, is a laboratory assistant at the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.



DOROTHY DWYER, one of 2GB's debaters in "Youth Speaks," broadcast every Friday night.

The attitude of the girls on the subjects already debated has inspired considerable interest, for their approach has been more or less emotional, whereas the boys have attacked on a factual basis.

The boys rely on logical arguments, and sometimes, when these fail, on wit; the girls approach their subjects from the point of view of personal reactions, and should these be unconvincing, on a slight sense of humor which prods the weaknesses of their opponents, rather than demolishes their arguments.

Thus, in the debate on "Should women remain in industry after the war?" the boys discussed the problem from the economic aspect, while the girls looked on it from the point of view of their personal reaction to running a home and a job at the same time.

There is no dearth of interesting subjects awaiting debate by these youthful teams, and whenever the subjects lend themselves to the expression of the woman's viewpoint listeners will hear mixed teams dealing with them.

"Youth Speaks" is broadcast from 2GB at 7.30 every Friday night, and is attracting a growing audience of listeners, who find much thought-provoking material, as well as genuine entertainment, in listening to the young people express their thoughts on problems about which all people are thinking to-day.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 19: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 20 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, May 21: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, May 22: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Completions."

SUNDAY, May 23 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "First of All, It's Music."

MONDAY, May 24: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, May 25: Musical Alphabet.



CHINA AND GLASS EXHIBITION. Miss Barbara Knox shows Lady Knox, wife of British High Commissioner, some of the exhibits at the Red Cross Glass and China Exhibition at David Jones'.



UNIVERSITY FETE. Chancellor of the University (Sir Charles Blackburn) buys lucky black cat mascot for Sister Thelma Hawkes, A.I.F., formerly superintendent of University Settlement, at fete at University for Settlement funds.

On and Off DUTY.

DELIGHTFUL letter from India in the mail from Mrs. Ricky Vock, remembered here before her marriage as Jean Hollis, of Sydney.

She writes: "Have just returned from wonderful holiday in Kapurthala with Prince Karamjit and Princess Sita in their lovely home, which is on the estate of the palace, where the Prince's father is the Maharaja of Kapurthala.

"In Delhi we met the Maharanees of Sikam, and as Sikam is a small State fifty miles from Kashmir where very few white people have ever been, you can imagine how interested I was to meet someone from that country.

"One of the most interesting people we have met is the Princess of Berar. She wore a wonderful red sari embroidered with gold, wore her dark red hair in a smooth, long bob.

"Our son Christopher was christened at the Church of St. James in Old Delhi. George Merrell, head of the American Mission and secretary to the American Ambassador, gave Christopher a quaint old Dutch christening bowl which was filled with brandied cherries."



FROM INDIA comes snapshot of Mrs. Ricky Vock and Maharaja of Kapurthala, taken while Mr. and Mrs. Vock were guests at the Palace at Kapurthala.



FISH POND AFTERNOON. Valda Joy and Angela Francis buy tickets from Joan Carruthers at American Fish Pond Afternoon at Active Service Comforts Fund Depot at Darling Point.



DISCUSSION by violinist Thomas Matthews and Mrs. T. H. Kelly, president of R.A.A.F. Central Area Comforts Fund, of plans for All British concert at the Town Hall on May 25, for the fund.



ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Patricia Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Higgins, M.L.C., and of Mrs. Higgins, of Rose Bay, whose engagement is announced to Driver Kevin Giffney, A.I.F. (ret.), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Giffney, of Killara.



AFTERNOON PARTY. Mrs. E. Nangle (left), who before her marriage to Major Nangle, A.I.F., was Jean Robertson, of Queensland, whose mother-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Nangle, and her sister-in-law, A.S.O. Effie Nangle, at a party given by Mrs. Nangle, Sen., at Vere Matthews.

IN Red Cross Day offices I met Mrs. J. A. Montague, of Cooma, whose daughter Barbara Mary will represent Cooma in the Red Cross Baby Competition, which closes on Red Cross Day, June 18.

She tells me Barbara's committee raised £650 for Red Cross, and that committees of the other competitors have joined her committee in State-wide competition, and are planning all kinds of money-raising projects to make Barbara and Cooma the winners in the competition.

MELBOURNE wedding for Sister Margaret Phipps, A.A.N.S., and Flight-Sergeant Colin Cabbett, R.A.A.F.

For the wedding they chose St. Augustine's Church, and the reception is held at the Florentino.

Bridegroom, who served three years in the Middle East, is attended by L.A.C. John Taylor, R.A.A.F., and the bride is attended by Sister Lex Martin, A.A.N.S.

Flight-Sergeant Gabbett is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Gabbett, of Port Kembla, and his wife is the eldest daughter of Mr. K. Phipps, of Carlton, Victoria.

FOR her wedding to Sgt. Francis Wesley Ward, A.I.F. (ret.), Joane Sleeman chooses white lace over satin, and lovely three-tiered veil.

Bride, who is the only daughter of the late Mr. M. Sleeman, and of Mrs. Gathorne Geo, of Kensington, is attended by great friend, Mrs. Ruth Browne, as matron of honor.

Bridegroom, who is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ward, of Buronga, Frampton, via Cootamundra, is attended by W.-O. Hope Ward, A.I.F.

Bride wears lovely diamond watch, gift of the bridegroom.

After ceremony at Newington Chapel there is reception at Amory. Bride and groom leave for honeymoon, during which they will visit bridegroom's home in Frampton.

Wesley was badly wounded in the leg in the battle of El Alamein, and will return to 103rd G.H. next month, where he will remain for six months.

MRS. HARRY RUSSELL, who has moved from the Macquarie Club to her home at Bellevue Hill, tells me of amusing letter from her daughter, Mrs. Brian Windeyer, who is living just out of London.

The servant problem in England is very great, so Mrs. Windeyer and her friends in the same street have evolved a system of "days off" for mothers. Each one has one day during the week when she leaves her children at a friend's home early in the morning, and then bicycles into London for the day, knowing her children will be cared for until the following morning.

Eggs are impossible to buy in London, and Mrs. Windeyer wrote to her mother, saying that, as she was the proud possessor of twelve hens, she was going to surprise their dinner guests by having an egg dish as piece-de-resistance.

WEDDING at St. Andrew's Church, Roseville, for Joan Allen and Squadron-Leader Gordon Stirling Colvin, R.A.A.F.

Joan, who is attended by her sister Margaret, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen, of Roseville, and the bridegroom, who is attended by his brother, Major Clifford Colvin, A.I.F., is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Colvin, of Roseville.

Before making her home near country R.A.A.F. station to which her husband is attached, Joan spends this week with her parents.

WONDERFUL thrill for Mrs. Roger Martin when she receives cable announcing that her husband, Lieutenant Martin, A.I.F., missing since the fall of Singapore, is a prisoner of war in Thailand.

Mrs. Martin and her son, who has delightful name of Roger Winston David, are living in Yarranabbe Road, Darling Point.

ENGAGEMENT announced. Valmae Rae, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Ayers, of Kogarah, to Stoker James Stanley Bain, R.A.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bain, of Rozelle. Stoker Bain has just returned after two and a half years' service overseas.

Betty



PRINCESS COMPETITION. Candidates in C.U.S.A. Navy Club Princess competition (from left): Maura Kelly, Pauline Farmer, Carmen Anderson, and Peg Minogue, choose records for dancing at the club.

Two colors are better than one

Introduce a flash of brightness to relieve the sobriety of your winter togs.

• A clever design for an important wool dress that looks like a dashing jumper suit. It is interpreted in a light and dark toning of the same shade — and it is a grand idea for two coupon - saving remnants.



• A microscopic, high-crowned bonnet done in purple and green felt and garnished with saucy velvet bows and a swirl of veiling. You can make this charmer from the tiniest scraps of felt.

• An absurdly flattering topper with a faintly Robin Hood air. Make it yourself from scraps of felt velvet or what have you—or re-cover any old felt hat with the same material as your frock or suit.



• This dramatic little model can be made from a couple of old felt hats. Experiment with the shape and drape the felt to flatter your face, and if you haven't quite enough felt you might help out with a wide piece of grosgrain ribbon.

• No one will ever recognise last year's plain black frock if you bring it back into circulation with a sensational color-gay panel sweeping from shoulder to hem, and repeat the color in your accessories.



Rene



PRIDE and Prestige! Smart attractiveness... is not glamour... is to-day's secret of earning and deserving admiration. War-time make-up is tempered with self-respect and pride in the opportunity to give service. And so her choice is the sparing use of

Paul Duval
COSMETICS

OBTAINABLE EXCLUSIVE

STORES & CHEMISTS

Don't Spend—LEND!

Invest in
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES
or
WAR LOAN BONDS.

Going to be married

By PEG McCARTNEY



PERFECT for an informal afternoon wedding is this trim navy wool ensemble designed by Isobel. If you have a frock and jacket like this you could make it fit the occasion by adding deft touches of crisp white pique, and match it up with a saucy little hat.

THIS season's crop of brides-to-be may not be able to manage the traditional pre-war bridal array of gleaming satin and frills and furbelows, but the current bridal collections—carefully planned and cut down to the minimum—are enough to make even the hard-hearted career-girls meditate on matrimony.

Perhaps you have conjured up enchanting visions of yourself floating down the aisle in a portrait wedding gown with mile-wide skirt and veil drifting into infinity... but even though you can't pander to such romantic dreams, your austerity gown can be just as attractive.

In fact, the loveliest bridal dresses, to my eyes, are designed on willowy, simple lines that recall something from Greek sculpture.

These are generally interpreted in heavy silk or wool, and after the wedding they fit perfectly into your wardrobe for important dinner dates.

The lass photographed on this page wears a gown of white flannel, which is miraculously adaptable (as all wartime fashions must be), so that the train flicks off and the tunic can be worn with a short black day-length skirt.

Counteract the tailored slimness of your frock with a microscopic toque freighted with flowers, or a spangle-scattered Juliet cap with a tulle or lace veil no more than shoulder-length.

An adorable, countryish wedding can be built around the dirndl style and besprigged or pastel cotton. Have it made with a quaint, fitted bodice and the skirt as full as

IF HE gets leave unexpectedly and you decide to be married, wear last year's trim little suit, and pep it up with cunning accessories. Isobel spices her grey flannel suit with candy-pink gloves and hand-bag to match up with the garnishings on the grey felt hat.

you can manage and, instead of a veil, wear a wide-brimmed hat or just a halo of fresh flowers.

If you are going to be a very modern bride and your wedding is informal, choose a deliberately casual jacket ensemble or suit, and get the most flagrantly flattering little hat to wear with it. If you are wearing a costume, select a monotone tweed or muted pastel and beglamor it with eye-catching accessories. This will serve you well long after your wedding, and send you drifting down the middle aisle looking as radiantly lovely as any peacetime bride.

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you if you are subject to
Rheumatism — Backache
Muscular Pains
High Blood Pressure



Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"
Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."
Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"
Patient: "Yes, I've had that for a long time."
Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"
Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."
Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"
Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."
Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes puffed and puffy?"
Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."
Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."
Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"
Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back. If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flashes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient. Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart. M49A

"... and when it ended, there was a stillness—there were eyes with a mist in them—others were weeping quietly."

—Extract from report on the first broadcast of

When Tomorrow Comes

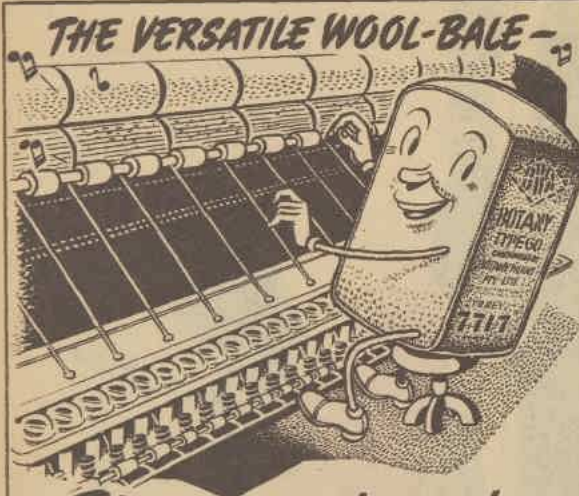
There never has been a story like this—no woman should miss it.

EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY.

2CH, 11.30 a.m.; 2KO, 3.15 p.m.; 3DB-LK, 11.30 a.m.;
4BK-AK, 10.45 a.m.; 5AD-PI-MU-SB, 11.45 a.m.;
6IX-WB-MD, 11.30 a.m.; 7HT, 11 a.m.; 7EX, 10.45 a.m.

PRESENTED BY CLINTON-WILLIAMS Pty., Ltd.

WHITE FLANNEL wedding dress designed by Alexedis, and featuring a smart tunic top that will afterwards team with a short black skirt. White wool lilies add glamor to the matching muff and forward-tipped toque.



Plays a war-time role

We all know the wool bale's peacetime role is supplying us with suitings, underwear, blankets, floor coverings and hundreds of peacetime comforts.

But now the wool bale helps to clothe and equip Australia's fighting forces.

Because of the urgency of defence requirements, peacetime deliveries of Feltex are no longer possible, so to-day we ask you to take care of your

FELTEX

FLOOR COVERING

AND BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

F214.—Daintily-tailored suit to flatter ten to sixteen-yearers. Requires 2½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F214

F2298

F2298.—Youth-making tailored suit, with contrasting collar and buttons. 22 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 34ins. wide, and 1½yds. for contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"NITA" for Young Sophisticates

HERE is a charming little frock designed with a becoming fullness over the bust-line and skirt to flatter the far-too-slims. "NITA" is interpreted in flat crepe in shades of olympic-blue, cat-telya-pink, moonlight-grey, argentine-blue, navy, wine, and black.

Sizes 32, 34-inch bust. Ready to wear, 54/11 (13 coupons); cut out only, 36/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 36, 38-inch bust. Ready to wear, 58/11 (13 coupons); cut out only, 39/11 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/9 extra.

Pattern may be obtained specially cut to individual sizes for 4/6.

HOW to obtain "NITA." In H.N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 34988, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering be sure to state bust measurements and name at mode.

Fashion PATTERNS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



354

Traycloth and tea-cosy for simple embroidery

THE set sketched above has been designed for quick and easy embroidery.

It comes to you with the design traced on good quality organdie. It can be had in a pretty pink or blue, or white.

The traycloth measures 18 x 12 inches, and is priced at 2/3. Postage 2½d.

The tea-cosy measures 13 x 10 inches, and is priced at 2/11. Postage 2½d.

Complete set, 5/- . Postage 3½d. When ordering, please ask for No. 354.



252

Ready-to-make tuck-in blouse

THE pattern is traced on a good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in attractive shades of pink, blue, mauve, and white.

It features a high-setting Peter Pan collar with scalloped edges, short, well-extended sleeve, and a buttoned front with the scalloped edging the front panel. In sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. busts, price 9/11, plus 5½d. postage and 6 coupons. Please ask for No. 252.

Set for small girls

THIS dainty little petticoat and bloomer set has been specially designed for girls 2 to 8 years. The pattern in each instance is traced on good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in mauve, pink, blue, and white, all ready to cut out and sew.

Sizes 2 to 4 years: Bloomers, 3/11; 4 to 6 years, 4/6; 6 to 8 years, 4/11. Plus postage 3½d. (Allow 3 coupons for 2 to 6 years, 3 coupons for 6 to 8 years.)

Sizes 2 to 4 years: Petticoat, 4/11; 4 to 6 years, 5/6; 6 to 8 years, 5/11. Plus postage 4½d. (Allow 3 coupons for 2 to 6 years, and 6 coupons for 6 to 8 years.)

Complete set: 2 to 4 years, 8/6; 4 to 6 years, 9/6; 6 to 8 years, 10/6. Same coupon rating. Please quote No. 232.



232



F2899

F1746

F1762

F2899.—Useful tailored three-piece suit with check overcoat, short check jacket, and plain skirt. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54ins. wide for jacket and topcoat, and 1½yds. 54ins. wide for skirt. Pattern, 1/10.

F1746.—Appealingly youthful jacket suit, with snug collar buttoned high to the throat. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1762.—Severely-tailored pleated afternoon frock with softly turned-back collar. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



1

2

3

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE SUITS FOR SMALL BOY

Sizes: 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years. No. 1 requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide for trousers, and 1½yds. 36ins. wide for blouse. No. 2 requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide for trousers, and 1½yds. 36ins. wide for blouse. No. 3 requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide for trousers, and 1½yds. 36ins. wide for blouse.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 268A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 468W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 405F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.)

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
RIVE Pattern Coupon 22.5.43



The owl is a night worker renowned for his wisdom. His favourite food is the livers of his prey. These provide vitamins that help him see clearly in dim light, make up for the sunshine he misses, and protect him from chilly night winds. "Scomol" gives us protective Vitamin A and sunshine Vitamin D in a palatable form that completely supersedes strong, fishy cod liver oil.

ALL THE BETTER emulsions and malt-and-oil extracts are now fortified with "Scomol"—vitaminised fish liver oil. Your chemist will gladly recommend the product best suited to your needs. For further information contact our Australasian Distributing Agents—GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.—your State.

NIGHT BIRDS NEED 'SCOMOL'

"Absenteeism due to sickness steals 1380 precious man-hours from our plant every four weeks," reports the statistician of an aircraft plant operating night shifts. "This 7% man-power loss is primarily due to fatigue, attributable to the unnatural living conditions—irregular meals, artificial lighting, lack of sunshine, less restful daytime sleeping, and the longer hours."

Just as growing weakens the child, onerous tasks undermine the health of the war worker. Both need building up with "Scomol." "Scomol" is guaranteed to contain 1000 International Units of Vitamin A and 100 International Units of Vitamin D in every gramme. Vitamin A builds natural resistance to common ills, rejuvenates tired tissues, and prevents "nutritional night-blindness," a condition of reduced adaptability to dim light. Vitamin D helps the body to utilise the vital elements calcium and phosphorus, and makes up for a lack of natural sunshine.

"Scomol" is widely recommended by doctors, dietitians, welfare officers, and pharmacists for work-weary adults.



'SCOMOL'
OLEUM VITAMINATUM B.P.

AUSTRALIAN FISH DERIVATIVES PTY. LTD.

To knit for servicewomen . . .

COSY BALACLAVA

• Side-fastening is a feature of this comfy hand-knit. It can be quickly adjusted without dragging or pulling of hair.

DIRECTIONS for balaclava given hereunder complete the series of hand-knit comforts for women in the Services.

In foregoing issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, knitting directions were given for scarf, mittens, gloves, sleeveless pullover, and socks.

BEAUTY HINTS



WINTER'S COMING, so watch your skin. After a day in biting wind cleanse your face with milk or cleansing cream.

NEVER rub powder on the face. Pat it on. Gently wipe off excess powder.

SLEEP is a beautifier. Go to bed before 10 o'clock at least three nights a week.

IF you're stuck and want a home-made setting lotion, take white of one egg and mix thoroughly with double the amount of water. Comb through hair and set in usual way.

THIS is the time to exercise. When you can, take a long walk. Don't dawdle over it either. And don't overlook the daily salad—the lettuce, carrot, and the like. Eat the parsley, too.

One pound of wool in either navy or khaki is sufficient for working the complete set.

Here follow detailed instructions for making the balaclava:

Materials: 21oz. 4-ply wool, 1 pair No. 10 needles and 1 set (4) No. 10 needles (loose knitters must use No. 11 needles to obtain a well-fitting cap), 5 matching buttons 1in. in diameter.

Cast on 120 sts. rather loosely with two No. 10 needles, work backwards and forwards in rib k 2, p 2, for 5ins.

Cast off 26 sts. at one end for face opening. (Cast off plain sts. plainwise and p sts. puriwise.)

Then work 21ins. without stretching in garter-st. (plain knitting both sides). Slip first stitch of every row in garter-st. to make a firm edge.

Cast on 26 sts. (Work into back of these cast on sts. in the 1st row). And changing to four No. 10 needles, rib k 2, p 2 in rounds for 3ins.

TO SHAPE HEAD

K plain. K every 9th and 10th sts. together for one row. K three plain rows.

K every 8th and 9th sts. together for 1 row, k 3 plain rows.

K every 7th and 8th sts. together for 1 row, k 3 plain rows.

K every 6th and 7th sts. together for 1 row, k 3 plain rows.

K every 5th and 6th sts. together for 1 row, k 3 plain rows.

K every 4th and 5th sts. together for 1 row, k 3 plain rows.

K every 3rd and 4th sts. together for 1 row, k 3 plain rows.

for 1 row, k 3 plain rows. K every 2nd and 3rd sts. together for 1 row, k 3 plain rows.

K together for 1 row.

Graft together remaining sts. Using double wool, crochet or buttonhole 5 loops, spaced evenly (to fit buttons firmly), at side of 5ins. ribbed opening. Sew 5 buttons on other side. Do not iron, as this removes elasticity from the work.

NOTE SIDE-BUTTONING of Balaclava. This is an improvement on the old type. It enables the wearer to adjust cap quickly and efficiently without dragging it over head.



Tastes good . . .
does him good



**ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT'**

Eno is now in short supply for civilians because the needs of the Services, especially in the tropics and sub-tropics, must come first. So please use your supply sparingly because Eno is on active service.

What to do about dengue

By MEDICO

• It's up to you who live in "tiger" mosquito areas to prevent the spreading of this health-menacing fever.

MOSQUITOES are like flies, they are a health menace, because of the germs they carry. Malaria is one disease transmitted by mosquitoes. Dengue is another.

In some ways dengue resembles influenza, except that it is spread by mosquitoes instead of by coughing. In the beginning both influenza and dengue patients run a temperature, they suffer from headaches and complain of pains in the limbs.

But the dengue pains are more a rheumatic type; whereas with flu there is a general tiredness in all the limbs. With dengue the pain is more in the joints, in the wrists and ankles, and they are worse in the morning and evening.

In dengue, too, there is often a feeling of nausea; sometimes there is actual vomiting.

Fourteen days after a special kind of mosquito bites a sufferer from dengue it becomes infective. Three days after the next victim is bitten, he gets dengue, and so it goes on.

This mosquito bites only in the daytime, so victims of dengue infection should stay under a mosquito net both day and night.

This is to protect the mosquitoes from being infected.

It's hard to say which stage of dengue is the most uncomfortable—the having stage or the convalescent. "Getting well" is generally a slow business and is often accompanied by fits of depression, aversion to food, and a feeling of weakness.

There is only one thing to do about dengue—prevent the dengue-carrying mosquito from breeding.

This "tiger" mosquito (*aedes aegypti*) is found in Queensland, Northern Territory, New South Wales and West Australia. It is the easiest of all mosquitoes to control.

It breeds only in small collections of clean water around houses—rainwater tanks, pot-plant saucers, old motor tyres, A.R.P. buckets, vases, and ornamental shells.

Check the gauge screen on the tank and overflow pipe. Empty household receptacles that can hold water and turn them upside down. Bury discarded tins and broken bottles. Empty weekly and wash-out vases and pot-plant saucers.

As the "tiger" mosquito never travels more than 100 yards from where it was born, you and your neighbors will be the chief sufferers.

Distinguished American Beauty

Mrs. John Roosevelt, distinguished member of America's First Family, like so many other lovely American women, has for years followed the Pond's beauty ritual. Pond's Cold Cream leaves skin flawlessly clean, while Pond's Vanishing Cream gives invaluable protection against drying and roughening elements. Use Pond's two Creams together as a complete beauty method.



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further.

Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!



Instant First Aid

'Elastoplast' provides the quickest, safest and most comfortable way of dealing with all minor injuries. Simply clean the wound, strip the protective muslin from the dressing, apply antiseptic pad, and press down the adhesive.

'Elastoplast' Dressings exclude dirt and stay in place until the wound has healed. They are elastic, flesh-coloured, and barely noticeable.

Never neglect the smallest injury. 'Elastoplast' is sold by all chemists in unmistakable **RED** tins.

There is an 'Elastoplast' dressing for every minor injury. Your Chemist will tell you which one you need.

IN RED
TINS



Elastoplast First Aid

Made in England



CUTS heal well when protected with 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings.



GRAZED KNEES. Clean and dress with 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings.



STRAINS and similar injuries derive immediate support from the 'Elastoplast' Adhesive Bandage.

Breaks Colds Quickly—
WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

See how they grow

when you serve
these vital
Wheat foods

Growing children need (1) **BRAN** for regularity, (2) **CARBOHYDRATES** for muscle and energy, (3) **PROTEINS** for growth and (4) **MINERAL SALTS** for rich red blood and vigorous health. Wheat provides these elements in abundance, so serve WEET-BIX, GRANOSE or BIXIES on your table—with a sprinkling of SAN-BRAN, the natural laxative breakfast food.

MRS. WYNIFRED WISEMAN, whose recipes and healthful cooking hints are heard over more than 45 radio stations throughout Australia each week, knows the importance of whole wheat foods to growing children. "Rich in carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts, and the precious vitamin B₁, wheat is essential to sturdy child development and healthy happy growth," says Mrs. Wiseman. And the easiest and best way of serving whole wheat is in the form of WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits, or BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes. Deliciously flavoured with rich energy-giving malt and sugar—and cooked to crisp flaky perfection in the spotless Sanitarium kitchens—these famous products are made in such a way that the *maximum* goodness of the grain is retained! Ready to serve straight from the packet, you'll find both WEET-BIX and BIXIES simply delightful with milk, cream or stewed fruit. Or if you prefer a savoury breakfast cereal, try GRANOSE Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits, (flavoured only with a little salt.) Obtainable from all grocers.



W118-3107



SWEETS THIS YEAR must conform to wartime budgeting. Those pictured here on this page, with or without their topping frills, are simple, wholesome, and economical. Recipes for fruit flummery, shown left, and the roundabout pear cake are given. Small individual tarts can flaunt any fruit fillings in season, or custard. When strawberries appear again, use them as shown.



SWEETS FOR WINTER MENUS

Delicious, satisfying, economical...

● Sweets on the menu give nutritive balance to the meal. Cold sweets pair well with hearty savory puddings and pastries. Steaming-hot sweets have appetite appeal when simple meat dishes are served.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

MEALS that keep your family fit—and keep them smiling—begin with a definite plan and not with vague and disconnected food ideas.

The weather is colder, meals should be heartier.

Colds are prevalent; protective foods must be carefully selected and properly cooked.

Economy of money and foodstuffs is essential; marketing and kitchen methods must be carefully planned.

The sweets course, although second in place of importance on the menu, has its part to play in the food programme. It satisfies the appetite and with its starch and fat content supplies those extra heat and energy units on which winter makes heavy demands.

If attractively served the sweet is a morale-builder. There's comfort and normality in the very appearance of apple pie, roly-poly, or dumplings.

Go to it, housewives, and let your kitchen be a fighting one to arm your family with vim, vigor and vitality.

QUICK FRUIT DUFF

(Piping-hot sweet dumplings that are satisfying on a menu of hot soup and cold salad.)

Two to 3 cups stewed fruit (such as rhubarb, apple or quince), 1 cup fruit syrup, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 4oz. soft scone dough, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon spice.

Place fruit in a casserole, blend cornflour with the syrup, simmer 3 minutes, add lemon juice, and pour over fruit. Drop spoonfuls of very soft scone dough on to the fruit. Sprinkle with melted butter and spice. Cover, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for about 25 minutes.

RHUBARB AND APPLE CHARLOTTE

(Serve after piping-hot beef olives, creamed potatoes, and cabbage.)

Two cooking apples, 1 bunch rhubarb, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, thin slices of stale bread, melted butter or margarine, spice (may be omitted), fine sugar.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, and stew the sliced apples until nearly tender. Add diced rhubarb and lemon rind, and cook until just tender. Cut bread into finger-lengths, brush with melted butter and dredge lightly with fine sugar. Line a cake-tin with the bread. Fill with cooked fruit, draining off any surplus syrup before adding. Cover top with bread fingers, sift fine sugar and spice on top. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out and serve at once or fold a serviette around the dish and serve from it.

ROUNDABOUT PEAR PIE

(Cook with an oven dinner of stuffed topside and a dish of scalloped tomatoes and onions.)

Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch of salt, 1oz. butter, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon white sugar, 6 cooked pear halves, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift the flour and the salt, rub in the butter, add sugar and mix to a soft light dough. Place in a greased sandwich-tin. Arrange the pear halves on top and sprinkle with a mixture of melted butter, brown sugar, lemon juice and spice. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve hot and freshly made.

ORANGE RHUBARB LAYER

(Satisfying after a light savory course of meat-leaf and diced vegetables.)

Eight ounces flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. suet, 1 teaspoon orange rind, cold water, 2 cups diced rhubarb, sugar, preferably brown.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; chop suet finely, blending with flour. Add orange rind, and mix to a light dough with cold water. Knead lightly, and divide into about 6 pieces. Place one piece over the bottom of a greased pudding basin, cover with rhubarb, and sprinkle with sugar. Cover with another piece of suet crust, rolled to fit basin. Continue in layers of pastry and rhubarb until the basin is full. Cover with greased paper and steam for 2 hours. Serve piping hot.

CHOCOLATE CRUMB CUSTARD

(A light sweet after a beef steak and kidney pie.)

One pint of milk (or milk and water), 3 teaspoons cocoa, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar (or to taste), 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Place breadcrumbs in a greased pie-dish. Dissolve cocoa in the warmed milk, stir in sugar until dissolved, and add gradually to beaten eggs. Pour on to the breadcrumbs. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes, or in the coolest part (bottom) of a hotter oven while the other courses of an oven menu are cooking.

HOT CHOCOLATE PIE

(Delicious with that special roast dinner.)

Four ounces short-crust pastry, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, vanilla essence, pinch salt.

Line a tart-plate with pastry, glaze, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) until crisp and brown, about 10 minutes. Blend sugar, salt, and flour with the milk in which the cocoa has been dissolved. Cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Cool slightly and stir in beaten egg-yolks. Add essence and, lastly, stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into hot pastry case. Sprinkle, if liked, with nuts.

BUTTERSCOTCH APPLE DUMPLINGS

(A Saturday night special. Try them after liver and bacon.)

Eight ounces flour, 4oz. good dripping, 1 teaspoon baking powder, squeeze of lemon, cold water, 4-6 cooking apples, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, few dates, raisins, and mixed fruit.

Peel and core apples and stuff centres with dates and mixed fruit, moistened with little lemon juice. Sift flour and baking powder, and rub in fat; add lemon juice, and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Divide into 4 to 6 pieces, and lightly mould over apples. Place dumplings in an oven-proof dish. Melt the butter, sugar, and a squeeze of lemon juice and pour over the dumplings. Place in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) and cook for 10 minutes and then reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook for a further 20 minutes. Serve hot.

HOT LEMON CHEESE CAKES

(Savory veal steak, cooked in the same oven, pairs well with this sweet.)

Four ounces short-pastry, 2oz. butter or good dripping, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2 1/2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon lemon cheese or lemon marmalade.

Line patty tins with thinly-rolled pastry and spread bottom of patties thinly with lemon cheese or lemon marmalade. Cream butter or dripping, sugar and lemon rind; add beaten egg and lemon juice and then sifted flour alternately with the milk. Place this mixture in spoonfuls on the pastry cases. Cook in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

Instead of making small cheese cakes the pastry may be used to line a 7-inch sandwich-tin, covered with the cake mixture, and cooked as a large cheese cake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.



LEMON FLUMMERY

(Refreshing to the palate after braised steak and savory.)

Half-cup lemon juice, 1 1/2 teaspoons lemon rind, 1 1/2 cups water, 1 cup sugar (or to taste), 1 tablespoon flour, 3 teaspoons gelatine.

Blend flour with a little cold water, add lemon rind and remainder of water and sugar. Simmer for 3 minutes, stirring well. Add the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add the lemon juice. When cold whisk until mixture becomes thick and creamy. Serve with fruit, cream or custard.





THIS PRETTY MAID goes to market each day. She's learning to choose a firm lettuce, full orange, and sound apple. A little notebook helps with prices. Would your little girl like to copy her? She's Margaret O'Brien, of MGM.

For winter appetites . . . GOOD HOT DISHES

● Another batch of readers win cash prizes for sound, seasonable, and economical recipes in our popular cookery contest.

PRIZES are awarded weekly for recipes published on this page. Have you sent in an entry?

Recipes should be seasonable. Use ingredients easily obtainable; method should be clearly stated.

This week's results:

CABBAGE SOUP (WITH DUMPLINGS)

One large cabbage, 1 quart stock or water, 1oz. fat, 2 or 3 chopped bacon rinds, salt and pepper.

For dumplings: 6oz. flour, 1oz. fat, 2oz. grated potato, little salt, water to mix, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs (or to taste).

Cut cabbage into shreds, melt fat in saucepan, add cabbage, and toss it in hot fat with the chopped bacon rind. Add water and simmer for 20 minutes. Mix other ingredients into a firm dough with water. Form into little dumplings, season the soup, drop in dumplings, and cook quickly for 10 minutes.

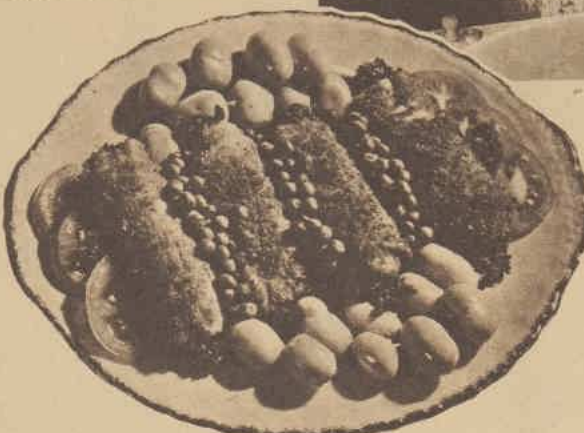
First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Macdonald, 74 South Terrace, Adelaide.

ROLLED STEAK

One pound flank steak cut thinly in one piece, 2oz. lean ham, 2oz. finely-shredded suet, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper and milk.

Get the butcher to cut the steak in one piece suitable for stuffing and

● There are no conditions attached to our weekly recipe competition. Every reader has the chance of winning the main cash prize of £1, or a consolation prize.



SAVORY ROLLED STEAK can be made from the cheapest cuts. Long, slow cooking the secret. Flavor with onions and herbs, and serve as shown, with small potatoes, peas, and sliced tomatoes.

rolling. Mince the ham finely, and put into a bowl with the crumbs, parsley, herbs, suet, and lemon. Mix thoroughly, season with salt and pepper, and bind together with a little milk. Use an egg instead of milk if preferred.

Spread the steak out and sprinkle with salt and pepper, spread the stuffing over and roll up the steak and skewer in position. Have ready a baking dish with about half an inch of smoking fat in it. Put in roll and baste thoroughly. Cover dish and bake in moderately hot oven for half-hour, baste frequently. Serve with brown gravy, baked potatoes, and green peas.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Nancy Wayne, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

LEMON DUMPLINGS IN SYRUP

(Excellent cold weather pudding). Rub 2 tablespoons butter into 1 cup self-raising flour to which has been added pinch of salt. Mix to soft scone consistency with milk. Divide into pieces and roll into shape. Put into a saucepan rind and juice of a large lemon, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar. When quite boiling, put in dumplings and boil steadily for 20 minutes. Keep lid on tightly while cooking.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. M. Jackson, Middleton St., Highett S21, Vic.

BEETROOT AND BEAN SOUP

One beetroot, 1lb. haricot beans, 2 onions, 1oz. butter, 5 tomatoes, 1½ quarts stock, 2 stalks celery.

Cover beans and soak overnight in water.

Peel beetroot and slice, fry in butter with chopped onions, peeled and sliced tomatoes; add stock and haricot beans. Cover and simmer 4 hours, then pass through a sieve.

Reheat, season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve hot with fried bread squares.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

WHEATMEAL BANANA ROLLS

Nine ounces wheatmeal self-raising flour, 4 bananas, 1 egg, 1 dessert-spoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter.

Rub butter into wheatmeal flour, add brown sugar. Mix in egg and little milk if necessary. Mix to a dough, roll out, and divide into 4 pieces. Place 1 peeled banana on each piece. Roll up, covering banana (but not too tightly). Bake in a quick oven 20 minutes. Serve hot with boiled custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Doris L. Dickenson, c/o Austral Silk Mills, Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford N9, Vic.



TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER to help you in the home—it's a lesson in good citizenship. Jane Withers, MGM star, was taught to cook at an early age. And she loves it!

parsnip lengthwise (thinly sliced) and place these on buttered toast. Then add grated cheese on each slice. Then pour over on each the nicely browned and cooked onion and artichoke mixture.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Geary, Tiaro, Qld.

CURRIED KIDNEY ROLLS

Split and skin 6 sheep's kidneys and soak them in salted water for about 15 minutes. At the end of that time put kidneys through a mincer, together with 3 rashers of bacon (from which the rind has been removed), 1 banana, 1 peeled and cored apple, 3 eschallots, a few sprigs of parsley, and 1 tablespoon of curry powder.

Bind with a well-beaten egg. Season to taste, turn out on a well-floured board, form into rolls, dip into milk, and roll again in flour. Fry until golden brown in plenty of dripping. Serve each roll on hot buttered toast with a crisp roll of bacon, and hot tomato sauce poured over all.

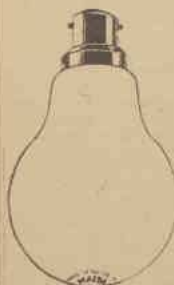
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McEvoy, 22 Reynell St., West Croydon, S.A.



Is he mad about something? You're right, he is. He had figured on spending a nice quiet evening in bed with a good book. That's what he thought! But how could he read in that light? "Miss," he roars: "Haven't you ever heard of 'MAZDA' LAMPS?"

WARTIME MORAL

By all means don't waste light but have sufficient to avoid eyestrain. Use correct size 'MAZDA' electric light bulbs in proper fittings. You'll get all the light you pay for and save your sight. Mazda Lamps stay brighter longer.



MAZDA
ELECTRIC LAMPS
They Stay Brighter Longer

Advertisement of the Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.



Muscular PAINS



★World-wide Authorities use and recommend IODEX.



Yield promptly to
IODEX

End nagging muscular pains—now. Rub in IODEX iodine ointment—rub out the pain. IODEX possesses nearly twice the strength of tincture of iodine but does not stain, blister or harden the skin. IODEX is excellent First Aid, but in stubborn cases, see your doctor.

IODEX
NO STAIN IODINE

GROW CABBAGES . . .

● Every time you partake of cabbage you absorb one of the most protective foods, for this vegetable is rich in the much-needed vitamin C.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

IN the absence of citrus fruits a daily serving of raw cabbage will supply the vitamin C such fruits contain. As cabbage is one of the few vegetables available all the year round in our mild climate, you can always have a fresh supply on hand if you will sow and grow them at the right times of the year.

Seed may be sown in most mild parts of Australia in April, May, June or July, and in cooler parts in April-May. In colder parts sowings should be made immediately or left until late August or early September.

Moderately good soil only is needed for the seed-bed. They dislike rich soil at first, for they become tall and spindly and then do not transplant well. The seedlings, to make good plants, should be pricked out or transplanted at least twice.

They then make good stout stems and sound root systems, and develop good hearts if shifted into permanent beds of rich, fertile soil. Although cabbage is not a particular crop, the location should be moist, but properly drained. As the quality of the cabbage depends on its quick, continuous growth, both rotted manure or compost and a commercial fertiliser should be used.

Early varieties should be given a top-dressing of nitrate of soda at the rate

of 1lb. to 20 square feet of space. The early kinds can be set about 12ins. apart, with 2ft. between the rows for easy cultivation.

Later types form larger heads, and must be spaced at least 18ins. apart, with 30ins. or 36ins. between the rows. To keep down weeds and conserve soil moisture, cultivate twice a week until growth has become so large that the plants might be injured by further tillage.

The best time to work among cabbage plants is after the sun has partially wilted the leaves, making them less brittle and less easily broken.

The principal pests of cabbage are slugs, snails, cabbage aphid and cabbage moth and butterfly grubs. The grubs mentioned can be killed by dusting with either derris-root powder or arsenate of lead. Aphids need to be dusted with tobacco dust. Slugs and snails can be controlled by baiting with meta and bran.

The principal diseases of cabbage in Australia are club root, black rot, black leg and spotted wilt. All are difficult for the novice to identify, and where there is any doubt specimens should be forwarded to experts for examination.

Copenhagen Market is a good early variety, with Golden Acre, Sugarloaf and Early Drumhead next. Late varieties are Improved St. John's and Market Favorite. Quick-growing varieties are Peter Henderson's Succession, Early St. John's Day, Enkhulzen Glory.



Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer.

Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

FORD PILLS

There's no substitute for
'Plasticine'

The original modelling material
made by **HARBUTT'S**

Control of fear in little children

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

AT all ages a sense of security is the sheet-anchor, as it were, of every individual. Never is this needed so much as in the early years of life—in the babe, the toddler, and the child growing towards adolescence.

The control of fear in little children is a most important

responsibility for every parent, especially in the case of highly-strung and nervous children.

Dis harmony between parents and orders from them which are inconsistent and at variance will at once cause a feeling of insecurity in the child.

In a world of war and as chaotic as it is at present, this sense of security must as far as possible be given to every child; and its fear allayed by the sympathetic understanding of its parents or guardians.

A leaflet explaining how fear in little children can be controlled has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4698WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



HER DADDY'S IN THE A.I.F., but she's not at all worried about that—adorable Robin Hunter. Just seven months of age, she lives quite happily with her mother at 54 St. James Road, Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

No. 2

Paul Jacklin (ex-A.I.F.) does it again! With Australia's most exciting, maddest, grandest radio feast! Two years in the making — it laughs as it sings as it plays.

It brings to Australian radio the cream of the Tivoli stars—along with music, song, and fun for an hour's sheer entertainment!

CLINTON-WILLIAMS
CRACKER JACK

Listen to
JIM GERALD,
RAYMOND BAIRD, MORRIS
BARLING, Yvonne Moore,
Australia's Verso Lynn; Paul
Jacklin; Neva Carr-Glynn;
Hal Thompson; Joy Denby;
John Wade; Lloyd Lambie,
etc., etc.—with
Bert Rowell's (Prince Edward)
Orchestra.

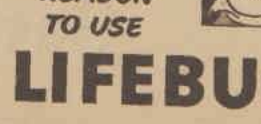
Saturday Night:
2UE, 8 p.m.; 3KZ, 8 p.m.;
7HT-7EX, 8 p.m.;
4BK-4AK, 8.30 p.m.;
5AD-PI-MU-SE, 9 p.m.;
2KO, 8 p.m., Wednesday;
6IX-WB-MD, 8 p.m.

A 3UE—Jacklin
Production

● Make a date with Clinton-Williams
CRACKER JACK on Saturday night—May 22.

Permanently Yours
Eugene

IF YOU follow the expert advice given on this page by our Home Gardener you can grow big, crisp-headed cabbage like those pictured above. Sow or plant now. There are several varieties from which to choose—some are quicker to mature than others.



An ace as a welder...
**BUT HE COULDN'T
HOLD A DATE-**



THE HARDER
YOU WORK,
THE MORE
REASON
TO USE

LIFEBOUY

STOPS
"B.O."

W. 58.76

Colourfast
Lipstick makes
you look prettier
Cashmere Bouquet
MEDIUM • SIGNAL RED • ORCHID RED • ROYAL RED

Ideal homes ... of to-morrow

● As soon as this war is over the swing of the pick; the slap-slap of brick on brick, the singing saw and the ring of a million hammers will reverberate throughout the land

HOUSES will spring up like mushrooms—the long-awaited dwellings of countless families.

And every dwelling will make an ideal home if the voices of those now living in cramped, comfortless flats and drab, inconvenient houses are heeded by housing authorities.

Australian women—and men—are planning now—and hoping. Thousands have already written to *The Australian Women's Weekly*, telling what features they would like incorporated in their "Victory" homes.

Here is one letter from a reader who, like scores of others, included a plan of the home she hopes to own one day:

"We are living in an upstairs flat with no conveniences, a pocket handkerchief backyard, and a dark and draughty staircase. There is always a smell of gas from leaky gaspipes, and the bathroom is so dark we have to put on the light to see to wash. There is a narrow passage where the westerly winds whistle in the winter, and the house never sees the sun. I have no sink at all for a getaway for the water, and have to carry same down two flights of stairs several times per day. The people in the downstairs flat share the bathroom, lavatory and laundry. My contention is life under these conditions is not worth living.

"I drew this rough plan (note sketch below) just to show the idea I had of a lawn courtyard, where small children could play in the sun and not get the wind, also where other members of the family could sunbake without the prying eyes of neighbors and of passers-by.

"The mother can see her children from any of the rooms. In wet weather they can still have their exercise by the accommodation of the all-round verandah.

"There are no halls to furnish or to clean, thus there is also a saving in building materials.



Thousands upon thousands of smokers are changing to this modern dentifrice because it gives results they can see, results they can feel, achieved in a delightful, quick way that is easy and safe. Stains, tartar go at once. If you're a smoker ... change to

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

to-day—it's a grand dentifrice and money-saver in one—and it's the only dentifrice that contains antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself.

★★★★★

Breathing Dandruff Itch and Scaling is a germ infection. Kill the germ and remove the cause with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.



"The bedrooms and nursery face the east and get the morning sun. Beds may be put on the verandah for sleeping at the top end. A table could be provided near the kitchen, and meals could be given in the open air, and yet in privacy. There is toilet convenience and wash-basin in the nursery for the children.

"The rooms may be built any size, according to the ground available. I always think every housewife needs a sewing-room. She can leave her work even if unfinished, and lock the door, and it's quite in order should she be called away suddenly.

"Every room is self-contained and can be closed up when not in use.

"There isn't any need to tramp through one room to get to another, thus causing more work for the housewife.

Other features

"I DON'T think any home is complete without a vegetable patch, also one would be wise when building a new home to plant a few fruit trees according to ground available, also grape vines are very attractive running over a trellis, and are good as fruit for the children. I maintain lemons and oranges are most necessary to supply the proper vitamins to the diet.

"The front door is really at the side, leaving the bedrooms private. The garage is built a little wider than usual to accommodate tools, lawn-mower, garden-hose, and such like.

"The clothes-line is close handy to the laundry. The housewife looks out through a window upon flowers when washing. There is a tap on the lawn for watering.

"The pantry is conveniently situated adjacent to the kitchen.

"Sink and stove are on the one side of kitchen.

"Visitors or callers may enter the house by the lounge and yet would not trespass elsewhere.

"There are no draughts, as there are no halls or passages.

"All rooms have plenty of windows. The nursery has two sides



HERE YOU SEE a bedroom regarded by the majority of women as simply "perfect" in pre-war days. But ideas are fast changing. Women are thinking now in terms of built-in wardrobes, dressing tables. They want space, light, and gallons of air in every room; no dust-catching corners, grooved skirting boards or shelves. What of frills and flounces?

glassed in, also has a large built-in cupboard. Both bedrooms have built-in wardrobes.

"Although the sketch does not show an outside verandah one can quite easily be put all round without alteration to the placing of rooms.

"A medicine-chest should be kept with a first-aid kit in readiness for an emergency. This could be placed in a built-in cupboard in the store-room. Also all such things as kerosene, methylated spirit, poisons should be kept in this closet and kept locked, parents only to know the location of the key.

"Last but not least, every man needs a room he can call his own to do all the things he wants to do—a place where he can have all his private papers under lock and key, where he can have a quiet smoke unmolested. Give him a mirror, and wash-basin where he can shave, put his wardrobe with clothing and all treasured belongings. He will then be happy, and when the boss is happy, well, so is everybody else.

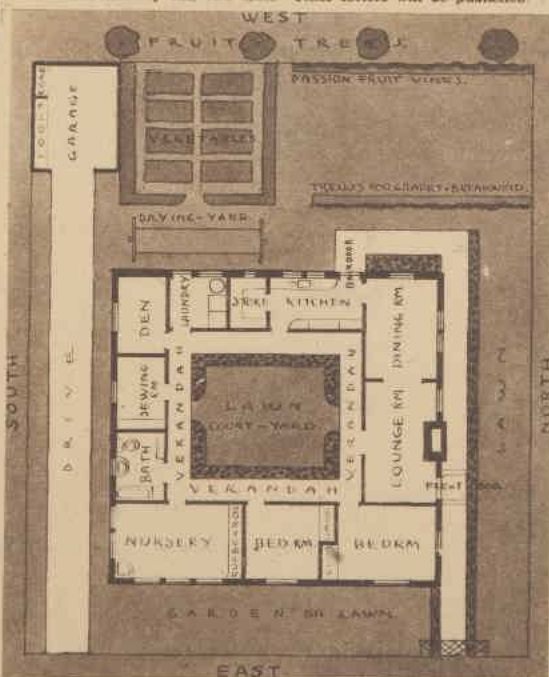
"If the ground would allow, I would suggest a tennis court at the side or rear of the house; garden seats around would add to the charm of the garden.

"I think climbing roses over the pergolas make such a difference, and it does not cost much for a couple of uprights and cross pieces.

"I think it is high time something was done to encourage the building of a better type of home for the people.—Lillian Bond, Drummoyne, N.S.W."

Mrs. Bond is awarded £1 for her suggestion.

In a future issue, highlights from other letters will be published.



SUGGESTED PLAN OF A HOUSE, featuring an inner courtyard and playground, submitted by a reader. Details given above.

Peggy Sage

Exclusive
Manicure

WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—
and Keep Feeling Fit

TAKE **CARTERS**
Little Liver Pills

If takes good old Carters Little Liver Pills to get your bile working and make you feel up and up.

Price 1/3.

Distributors:
Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

NO 'SCALERS' ON HER TRAM!



Charming Veronica Albrecht collects tram fares with a smile. All-weather, day in and day out, she's doing a man-size job. Says Veronica: "It's tough going sometimes, especially on cold wet days. But steaming hot BONOX when I get home soon puts a cheerful side on things. It really is marvellous the way it peps me up." And Bonox will "pick-you-up" in the same way. Drink it hot, steaming, to send new life racing through your whole system. To build up resistance against colds and flu this winter drink a cup of Bonox every day. Take a bottle home with you and drink hot Bonox as a night-cap.

Itching Skin Germs Killed in 3 Days

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to kill and remove the true cause of most skin troubles. Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where invisible germs and parasites can hide, and which are the true cause of terrible itching, cracking, peeling, burning, ringworm, acne, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, foot itch, and other disgusting blemishes.

New Discovery Kills Cause

Former skin sufferers throughout the world are now praising Nixoderm, the discovery of a leading American skin specialist. This remarkable new preparation quickly penetrates into the pores of the skin, and kills the germs and parasites responsible for your trouble in 3 days, stopping the itch almost instantly. At the same time this wonderful preparation acts as a tonic and skin food, so that as the cause of your trouble is removed your skin becomes soft, smooth, and clear. This clear, healthy complexion will give you new charm and make it easy to win friends.

Praised by Doctors

Dr. T. A. Ellis, well-known physician of Toronto, Canada, recently stated: "Skin disorders caused by parasites, as many are, yield to Nixoderm. These parasites are invisible to the naked eye. They eat away the skin, forming ugly eruptions. Ordinary treatments or remedies fail completely, or give only temporary results because they do not reach the cause of the condition. It is this cause about Nixoderm in attacking parasites which impresses me most favorably, and explains in large measure the success it enjoys over many stubborn cases."

Guaranteed Results

Get Nixoderm to-day. Put it to the test. In a few minutes you will find that the itching has stopped, and in 24 hours you can see for yourself that your skin is clearer. And it is guaranteed that, within one week, Nixoderm must make your skin soft, clear, smooth and attractive or money back on return of empty package. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you. So don't delay. Get Nixoderm to-day.

Nixoderm now 2/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

Arnott's *on service*



Military biscuits are harder than peace-time varieties — they have to be. They go wherever the boys go, and after three years of war we all know what that means.

Arnott's have made vast quantities of these biscuits since the war began, and their output has grown day by day—that is why the grocer has so few of the peace-time varieties for his customers.

The Arnott standard is maintained in every ingredient used in military biscuits exactly as in Australia's old peace-time favourites.



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